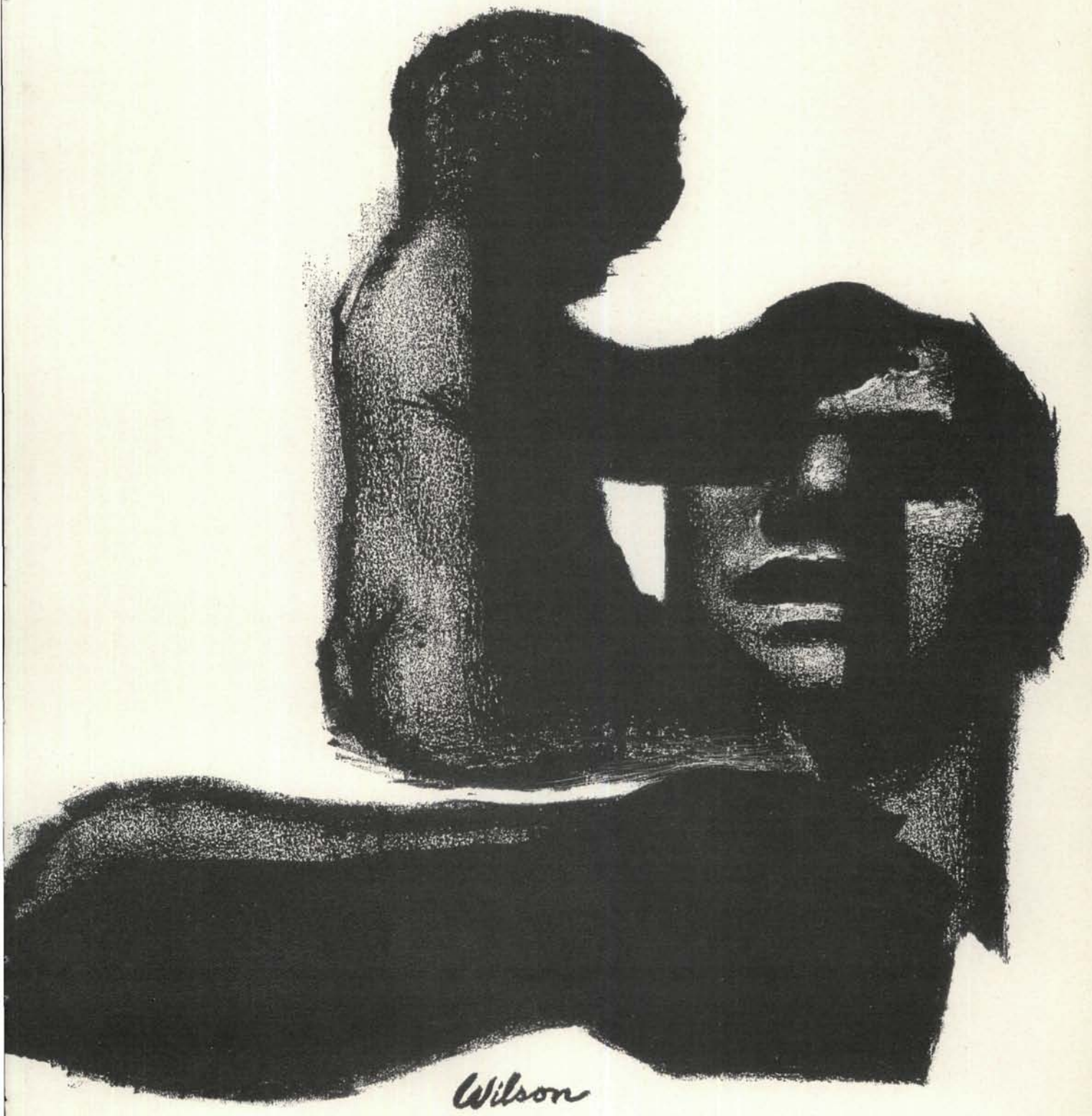
A Beginning in Birmingham

CDC June 6, 1963 35¢

THE CASE FOR TAX REFORM

THE REPORTER



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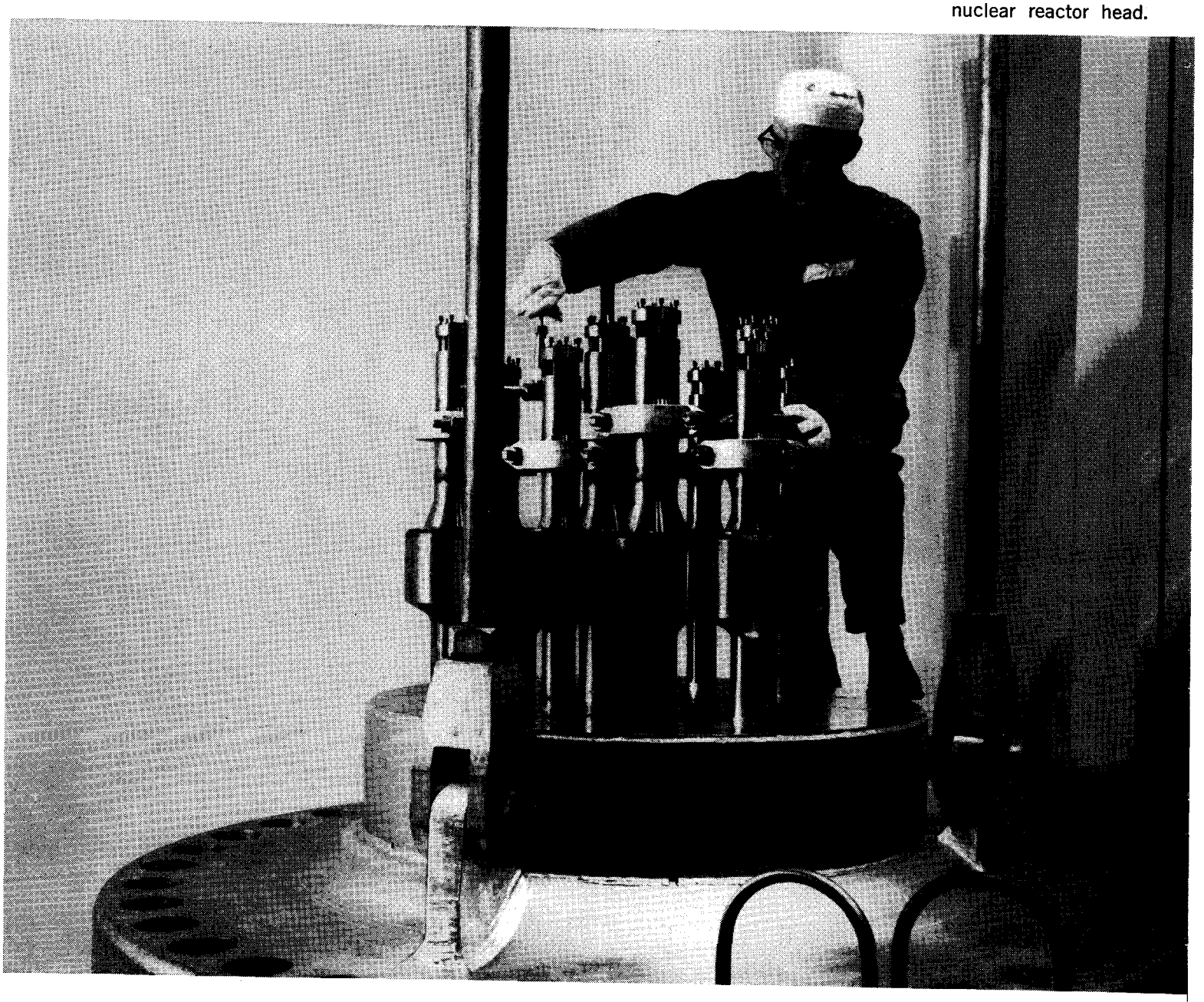

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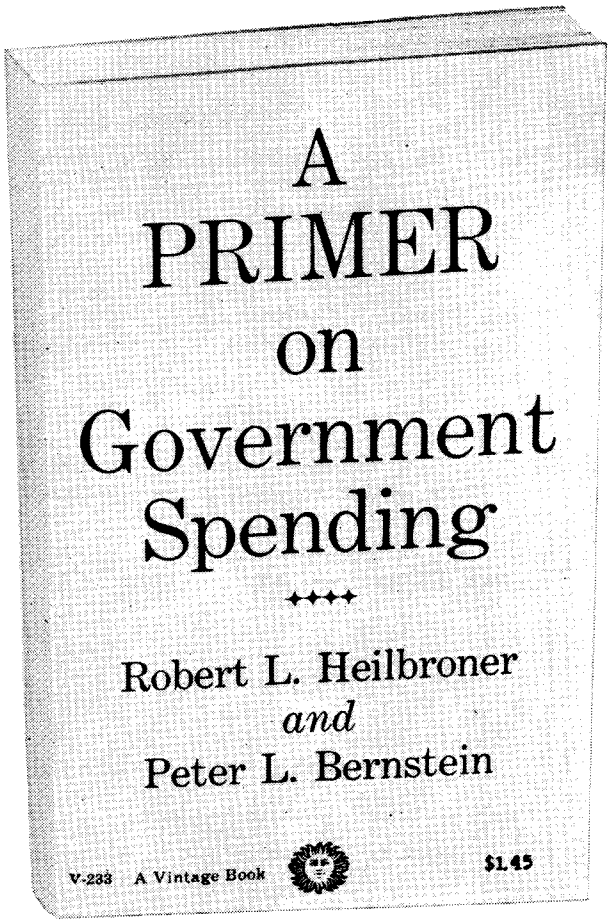

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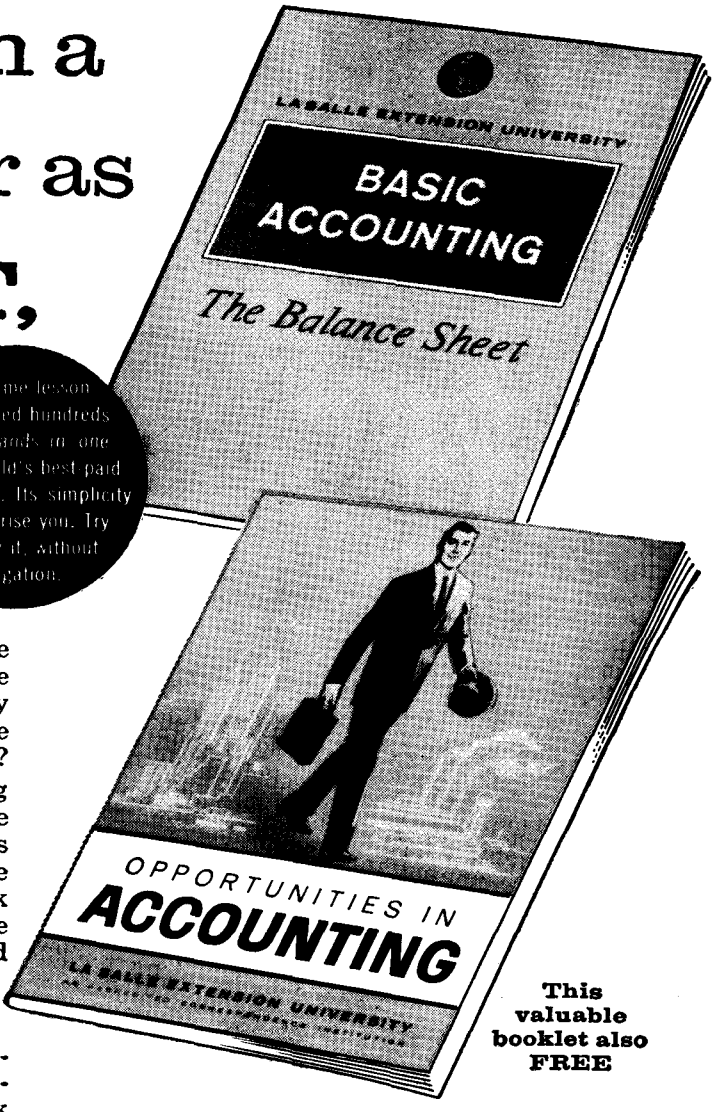

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FROM the Birmingham jail Martin Luther King replied to eight clergymen who had described the Negroes' demonstrations as "unwise and untimely." "For years now," he wrote, "I have heard the word 'wait!' It rings in the ear of every Negro with a piercing familiarity. This 'wait' has almost always meant 'never.'" The period of waiting is certainly coming to an end. In this issue Max Ascoli looks both back and ahead along the road Dr. King and the South have been travelling. The title of the editorial, "The Birth of a Nation," is borrowed from an old movie, but it describes the present situation more accurately than it did the events of that technically memorable but morally deplorable film. . . . And we are proud to present the views of a distinguished Negro lay minister, **Vincent Harding,** a native New Yorker, who has been living in the South for a year and a half as the representative for the Mennonite Central Committee. Mr. Harding is a graduate of the University of Chicago and the Columbia School of Journalism. . . . **Hans Morten Rubin,** a correspondent for the Copenhagen newspaper *B.T.*, gives a European view of the recent happenings in Birmingham.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S tax recommendations this year include proposals for reducing tax rates and for reforming the tax structure. There is some expectancy that because of the urgency to get a tax cut through Congress, the reform proposals may be sacrificed. **Joseph A. Pechman,** director of Economic Studies at the Brookings Institution, argues that this would be an important omission. His views do not, of course, necessarily represent those of the Brookings Institution. In the past Mr. Pechman has been an economist for the Treasury Department, the Council of Economic Advisers, and the Committee for Economic Development. He taught taxation and corporation finance at the School of Industrial Management, M.I.T. . . . **Richard Grenier** discusses the effects of large American investment in Europe, with its threat of foreign control over certain key industries—a subject that has been a matter of warm debate among the French of recent months. Mr. Grenier writes for the *Financial Times* of London. . . . The word socialism has always had many meanings and different implications in different countries. **Keith Kyle** shows that African Socialism represents yet another variation, and is not to be confused with most of the more familiar forms. Mr. Kyle is on leave of absence from the London *Economist* and is living in Kenya while writing a book on the coming independence of East Africa. . . . **J. H. Huizinga,** an international correspondent for the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant,* discusses the perplexing problems of President Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan. . . . **David Burnham,** who is with the Washington bureau of *Newsweek,* provides a definitive etymology of the word "aerospace."

UNDENIABLY, George Sand had the *je ne sais quoi,* as the French put it, that suggested to men of genius that their travels would be happier if they had the lady novelist along. This, however, was not the case for Chopin, whose life with her on the island of Mallorca is described in this issue by **Fred Grunfeld.** Mr. Grunfeld, formerly a consultant to record companies and and independent producer of classical LP's in New York, is now himself living on Mallorca. . . . . **Mark Gutzler** is the pseudonym of a distinguished American writer who prefers not to remain incognito, even when engaged in a perilous attack on a certain dominating clique of local critics. . . . **Sir Herbert Read** is the author of *A Concise History of Modern Painting* (Praeger), the recent *A Letter to a Young Painter* (Horizon Press), and other books on aesthetics. . . . **Fred M. Hechinger** is education editor of the New York *Times*. . . . **Sarel Eimerl,** who is simultaneously writing four children's books, frequently contributes to our pages. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor of *High Fidelity.*

Our cover is by **John Wilson,** who teaches school in Harlem.

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Two advanced physics students are producing a solar-powered, transistor audio-oscillator — the "From Sun to Sound" experiment — provided by the Bell System. The experiment requires students to calculate and design as well as construct some of the basic electronic components.

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How the Bell System is helping to develop gifted young scientists and engineers

Tomorrow's top scientists and engineers are hidden in high school classrooms today. The problem is to find them, inspire them. And the Bell System is helping this national effort with a unique series of teaching aids.

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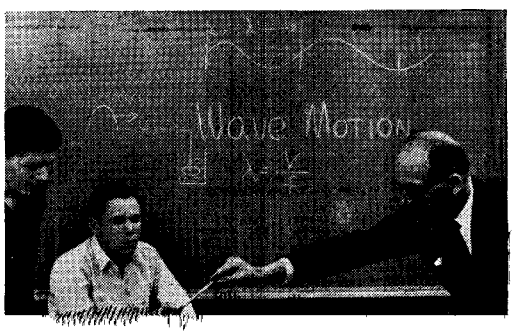

Two of the units are illustrated here and four more described at the right. They are already being used in thousands of high schools.

Now in its third year, this science program has aided busy teachers and spurred eager students. As one Bell Laboratories man remarked, "Just give 'em the facts and get out of the way!"

The program will continue, with the cooperation of leading educators, as long as it serves a useful purpose.

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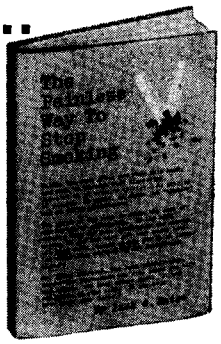

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To the Editor: The articles by Abraham Brumberg and Priscilla Johnson on "The Princes and Poets of Russia" (*The Reporter,* May 9) are written on the high level which one has come to expect from your articles on Soviet Russia. Miss Johnson's essay on "The New Men of the Soviet 60's" is a remarkably subtle and sound account. She may well be the best reporter on Soviet intellectual life writing for the western press. Her article in *The Reporter* confirms her reputation.

RICHARD E. PIPES, Associate Director
Harvard University
Russian Research Center
Cambridge, Massachusetts

AUSTRALIA AND RHODESIA

To the Editor: I have read with much interest Denis Warner's article, "Australia: White Island in a Brown Sea" (*The Reporter,* May 9). While my reading of the article has been on the whole a pleasing and encouraging experience, my reading of Claire Sterling's article in the same issue, "The End of a Dream in Southern Rhodesia," which also has engaged my deep interest, has left me very sad. We must, however, not only live in the world as we find it, but must constantly strive in co-operation and with wise restraint, yet with eager courage, to bring about adjustments and improvements wherever we might be offered a chance.

ZAFRULLA KHAN
Pakistan Mission to the United Nations
New York

To the Editor: Mr. Warner's analysis and conclusions are interesting, and I agree that Australia's future policy should be aimed at forging closer links with her Asian neighbors.

Equally interesting is Claire Sterling's article on Southern Rhodesia.

ALEX QUAISON-SACKEY, Ambassador
Permanent Mission of
Ghana to the UN
New York

THE LAW AND MISSISSIPPI

To the Editor: Barbara Carter's article on the Higgs case ("A Lawyer Leaves Mississippi," *The Reporter,* May 9) is, I am certain, the first article in any publication which places in proper perspective the role of the lonely, indispensable civil-rights lawyer in the total civil rights context.

JACK GREENBERG, Director-Counsel
NAACP Legal Defense and
Educational Fund, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: Miss Carter's article reflects rather intensive study of legal representation of minorities in civil rights matters, and reveals statements which could not have been made except by one who has gone and talked with the people most intimately involved.

WILEY A. BRANTON, Director
Voter Education Project
Atlanta, Georgia

To the Editor: Your article about William Higgs is enough to make anyone angry.

The same charge was brought against Dr. Aaron Henry, of Clarksdale, Mississippi, who is head of the Mississippi state conference of National Association for the Advancement of Colored People branches. Dr. Henry has chosen to stay on and contest the case.

Two leaders of the NAACP branches in Mississippi, the Reverend George Lee of Belzonia, and Lamar Smith of Brookhaven, were shot and killed by white supremacists because they refused to take their names off the voting list when the White Citizens Council demanded that they do so. No one, of course, was convicted for either crime. For it is safer in Mississippi to shoot a Negro who is demanding his rights than to shoot a duck out of season.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS
Old Greenwich, Connecticut

MIGRANT LABOR

To the Editor: The editorial comment on the inaction of the Congress (save

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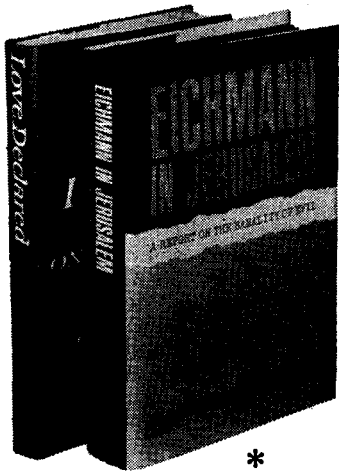

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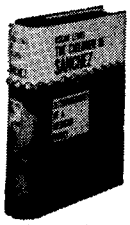
The Affluent Society, John Kenneth Galbraith. Retail $5.00. Member's price $3.50.



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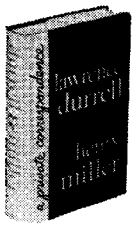

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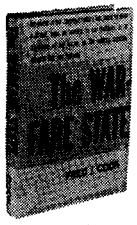

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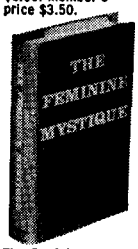

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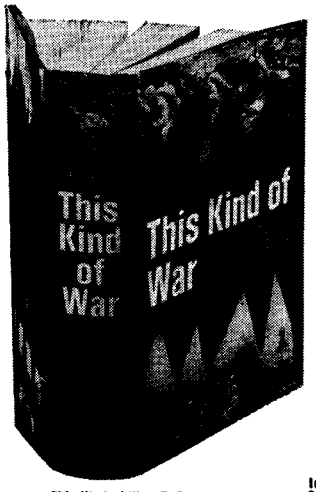

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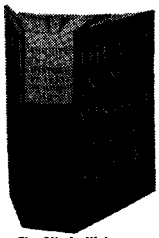

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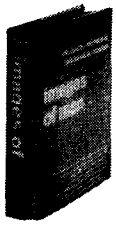

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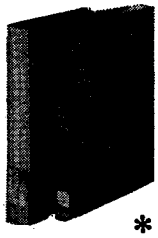

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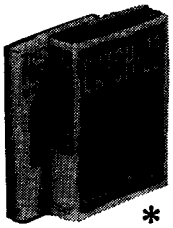

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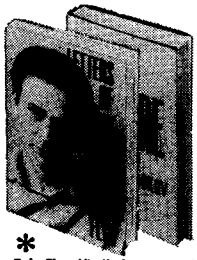

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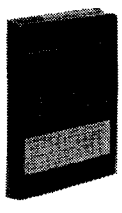

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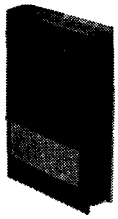

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Senator Williams) and the President on the migratory labor problem ("The Vagabond Kings," *The Reporter's* Notes May 9) was excellent. It makes the interested citizen, however, feel somewhat helpless. I am well acquainted with the views of my elected representatives on this matter—both for and against—and do not anticipate any changes of opinion on their part. Further, I am on the verge of concluding (with you) that the President looks upon these issues as exercises in rhetoric. I think that he might do well to consider that the migratory laborer does constitute a voting bloc if only *in abstentia.* He might also reflect that his support of the controversial Mr. McNamara has not cost him stature. In fact, in matters of possible controversy, he could well learn something from that excellent in-fighter, who achieved some renown as a leader, H. S. Truman.

JERRY D. FRAZEE
Waco, Texas

BRECHT

To the Editor: Hurrah for Gerald Weales ("Brecht on Broadway," *The Reporter*, May 9), for quietly exposing the tedious irrelevance of Brecht's "Mother Courage." Of course we must all honor Brecht for his uncompromising attitude toward commercialized theatre. But in this over-ballyhooed effort Brecht's elephantine ironies, his thundering clichés about war, should be identified (as they were not by the newspaper critics) for what they are. Mr. Weale's irreverent, measured criticism is most refreshing. This kind of writing is what makes *The Reporter* irreplaceable.

EDWARD T. CHASE
New York

To the Editor: On reading Mr. Weales's review of "Mother Courage" I cannot help but speculate that the reviewer has become an unappreciative victim of Brecht's original intentions. Mr. Weales complains of the play's lack of emotional involvement and states that he was "never involved more than intellectually." These observations, however, prove the success of the production. Brecht maintained that "Mother Courage" was a *negative* figure, one who sacrificed herself and her children to war and her commercial interests. An accurate production should not arouse the audience's sentiments, for when one sympathizes with her the lesson of the play is lost. That a sensitive person cannot fail to be moved by Mother Courage's trials is inevitable, but Brecht (alas?) would not hold himself responsible for this twist of intentions.

ALAN SUSSMAN
Chicago

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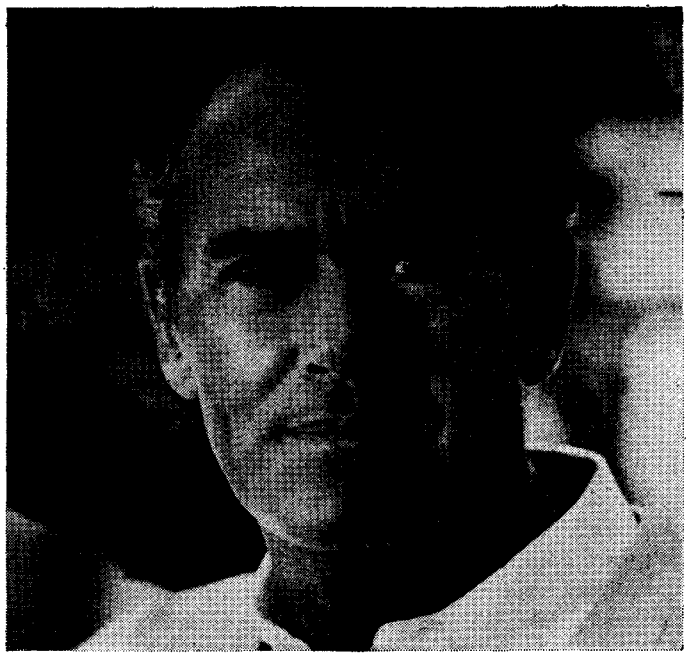

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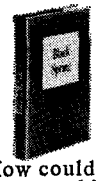

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Priorities

An employee of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency has pointed out that no one can hope to understand American politics unless he is familiar with those Chinese calendars that delineate such periods of time as the Month of the Lotus or the Year of the Happy Baboon. "This," he said, in what sounded like a somewhat aggrieved translation, "is the Year of the No Moon." And so it is. Why?

A trip to the record will show that when President Kennedy requested funds for the Apollo program on May 25, 1961, he said, ".... This decision demands a major national commitment of scientific and technical manpower, material and facilities, and the possibility of their diversion from other important activities where they are already thinly spread." The diversion of scientific manpower is only one of the problems presently under discussion. Another is the diversion of public funds, but the President warned Congress on that score too, and he even made use of the royal subjunctive, always the sign of a major Presidential occasion. "Let it be clear," he said, "that I am asking Congress and the country to accept a firm commitment to a new course of action—a course which will last for many years and carry very heavy costs ... " Apparently Congress wasn't paying attention. The Senate authorized the program by voice vote. On the House side objection came from some fifty members, most of whom are loath to appropriate funds for anything at any time.

The absence of debate was regrettable, but we would be more enthusiastic about the Year of the No Moon if there were evidence of a serious re-evaluation of the Apollo project, as opposed to what is turning into a sort of priority contest—a statement of personal preference for the disposition of scientific talent and the disbursement of real or imaginary funds. What would *you* do, as Art Linkletter might put it to the ladies, if you suddenly had the money and the talent of Apollo? "I think this is what I'd rather be able to do," General Eisenhower replies. "I'd rather make sure that our whole Telstar program is completely perfected so we know exactly what we can do with it and have it really perfected ... " Nonsense, says Senator Fulbright, who questions the urgency of both Telstar *and* the moon mission, "Is it such an intolerable hardship for Europeans to have to wait twenty-four hours while tapes of American quiz shows are flown across the Atlantic?"

"I'd like to see"—Ike again—"the whole study of our whole meteorological problem so well solved that we know almost exactly what the weather's going to be every twenty minutes for the next ten days ... " Well, *chacun à son goût*. For others it may be medical research.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS

"The danger lies not with this experiment alone [the U.S. communications experiment that spread millions of minute copper wires around the world] but with the attitude of mind which makes it possible without international agreement and safeguards."

—Sir Bernard Lovell

To litter the celestial park
  Is hardly, I believe,
A very honorable mark
  For any state to leave
On universal property.
  Whatever needles prove,
The universal family
  Must question any move
That clutters up the outer air
  That all of us may use
And none of us can singly dare—
  For any cause—abuse.

—Sec

Laudable as such aims may be, they rather miss the point. As the Nobel laureate Harold C. Urey argued in defense of the moon in 1961, " ... substantially all men reasonably competent to attack the cancer problem, and many other medical problems, are adequately and even generously supported in their research. Appropriating more funds for this problem would accomplish essentially nothing more than is now being done." Senators Goldwater, Cannon, and Dodd, for *their* part would rather spend the money on a stepped-up military space program. Senators Clark, Proxmire, Fulbright, and others believe that there are more pressing social and economic needs here on earth. So, for that matter, do we. But we would take exception to the way in which the question has been formulated—the either/or.

"Which comes first," as James Reston put the question in the New York *Times*, "the moon or the slums?" Surely, it's not that simple. Indeed, the slums have become a favored object of comparison among moon critics; and the constant incantation of the word has finally made the slums seem almost as remote as the moon.

A Crowd of Umbrella Heads

The thing about mushrooms, besides their rapid growth, is that they thrive in the dark—like rusts, smuts, and puffballs. Some, of course, are poisonous.

We are reminded of this by the swift and stealthy passage in a growing number of state legislatures of several identical "states' rights" resolutions to amend the Constitution. All are poisonous. The first would allow state legislatures alone to amend the Constitution without recourse to Congress or a national convention. The second would abolish both Federal jurisdiction over and Constitutional limitations on state

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legislative apportionment. The third would create a Court of the Union, composed of the fifty state chief justices to review judgments of the Supreme Court on Federal-state relationships. The last has had the toughest going, being too silly for even those who tend to silliness on the subject of the Supreme Court. Only four states have so far passed the resolution calling for a national convention on this amendment.

The other two, however, have been approved, either separately or together, in fifteen states at last count, and all within six months of their initial appearance at a December meeting of the Council of American States, a semiofficial organ that sponsored the amendments on sight. Most of the council's members are state legislators, and their success up to now has been somewhat in the nature of a family affair.

How dangerous really are these amendments? The one to amend the amending process requires a little figuring to understand. Under it, three-fourths of the states (thirty-eight) will still be needed to ratify an amendment that two-thirds of the states (thirty-two) suggest. The change lies in removing the present requirements for Congress to pass on it, or to call a Constitutional convention. Now, there *are* thirty-eight states that hold a total of only forty per cent of the nation's people, not exactly a national consensus, but this is only part of the problem. In at least thirty-four of these thirty-eight states a legislative majority can be formed in both houses by men representing only thirty-eight per cent of each state's population—or fifteen per cent of the nation's population. So unrepresentative a group could conceivably decide to repeal the income tax, or give us four Presidents instead of one, or establish a monarchy.

The second amendment, to remove state legislative reapportionment from all Federal jurisdiction, is a reaction to the Supreme Court's ruling on reapportionment last year—a reaction that goes far beyond the original target. It is looked on with favor for obvious reasons by those who stand to lose their seats in upcoming reapportionments, by those who would like to see the Supreme Court's power curtailed however it is done, and by those who would like to rule out Negroes or other minorities from any representation in their states.

Who are these states'-righters? Surprisingly enough, there are very few Southern states among the fifteen that have already passed one or more of the resolutions. Mostly they are Western and Middlewestern, although New Hampshire has joined in too. A few states have turned the resolutions down flat—including Mississippi. It is said that Mississippi voted "No" because it was sure the Constitutional convention called for by the resolutions would water the amendments down. "A very selfish view," explained George R. Prentice, director of the Florida-based Volunteer Committee on Dual Sovereignty which is campaigning for the resolutions. Yet it seemed possible that the Southern states were cannily biding their time until enough states had passed the resolutions for them to step in and finish the job.

Well, not quite finish the job; there would still be a convention to hold. But there is a simpler explanation for the Southerners' absence. Most of their legislatures have not yet met in session. "We're working on Louisiana, which just went into session, and on Kentucky," one of the Dual Sovereignty campaigners said recently.

Word has finally got out, however, about what's afoot. Last month, the President, the Chief Justice, and the Attorney General voiced their strong concern, and even the cautious American Bar Association castigated two of the amendments, reserving judgment, for some reason, on the reapportionment one. As a result, Ohio and New Jersey are having far more trouble than originally expected, and we can be glad that there will at least be open debate about the matter in the future. The trouble with state legislatures are the things they let thrive in the dark.

Nothing Happened

It looked as if something big was due in Haiti. While President François Duvalier's legal witch doctors were going through the mumbo jumbo of explaining to the populace that he had actually been elected to another six-year term when nobody was looking, there was a sudden rush of his political opponents to seek asylum in the Dominican embassy in Port-au-Prince. When Duvalier offended Dominican sovereignty in his efforts to get them out, Juan Bosch, the new president of the Dominican Republic, moved troops up to the Haitian border. U.S. warships appeared off Duvalier's coasts. The Organization of American States was impelled to investigate the explosive conditions in Duvalier's dictatorship. A government-in-exile was formed. "David Brinkley's Journal" devoted two sections of prime evening time to bringing the TV viewers up to date.

But Duvalier's constitutional term ran out and nothing much happened. Not only was there no uprising and no armed intervention, but the United States couldn't even get the OAS to agree on any diplomatic action. Although Duvalier certainly has no admirers among his neighbors, several of the more scrupulous Latin American governments made it quite clear that they didn't want any rough stuff.

Perhaps this is all as it should be. We certainly should not use our great force except in what is clearly a good cause; and since one man's good cause may be another's naked aggression, it would be nice in every case to enjoy the approval and moral support of our allies in what we like to call the Free World. But perhaps we would do well to stop making quite so much noise about our unflagging opposition to tyranny and our determination to build a "wall of free men" around Castro's Cuba if what we really mean is that the wall must come into existence by itself.

This magazine has frequently deplored the habit of the U.S. government to delegate the formulation of our foreign policy to the United Nations. Back in the days of President Eisenhower we spoke of a tendency to "Leave it to Dag." The watchword now—scarcely a sign of increased resoluteness—seems to be "Leave it to the OAS."

Thus the rule of law has been preserved in the intergovernmental relations of the Western Hemisphere. Thus also, incidentally, the rule of non-law has been preserved inside Haiti, at least for now.

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The Birth of a Nation

They keep recurring, these gloomy warnings, whenever things occur within our borders that make men of good will ashamed: let's put our house in order, it is said, before we concern ourselves with the disorder that prevails in distant lands. Ugly things have been happening in Alabama, in Mississippi, all over the South, that our institutions of government have failed to prevent or punish. We have overextended our economic and political assistance abroad in a way that is out of all proportion to the wealth we produce and the examples we set.

A fleeting mood of despondency may lead to such yearnings for a Little America, virtuous, self-isolated, and frugal. But we cannot let ourselves long be taken by such fancies without losing the sense of our institutions, and of our country.

From Solon to de Gaulle, the framers of every constitution designed to be powered by the exercise of freedom have invariably considered that the greatest threat to self-government lies in the divisive influence of factions. As the Founding Fathers well knew, the effectiveness of a free government can be measured by its success in containing factionalism. In our country this has happened to an astonishing degree.

Antagonisms among national groups, conflicts of religions, class struggle, all these and many more causes of divisiveness have, in many different ways, been overcome. Formidable issues were eroded and fragmented by a political system that proved to be uncannily adept at preventing and domesticating factions. There has never been room here for the polarization of ideologies and, if anything, there is even less room now, since a way of thinking about politics has gained the widest acceptance, dedicated to pragmatic factualism and to a superstitious avoidance of theorizing.

But there has been one exception —the race issue—that politics has failed to dent. For this failure of politics the nation paid with the Civil War. It has been paying ever since, most particularly in the South. For decades, the conflict between Negroes and whites and the prejudices separating the two groups have remained raw, unrelieved by collective bargaining. Without collective bargaining, without the recognition by one group of the legitimate existence of the other, there can be no politics. And without politics in the relationships between groups, there is no substitute for force.

It is enough to look at Birmingham now to realize how fundamentally things are changing. Politics has reached Birmingham: there are substitutes for force there; communication has been established, although still of a somewhat symbolic and diplomatic nature. Yet the time is coming when the Birmingham Negroes will make their will felt in other ways than by marching and parading.

Birmingham itself is still a symbol, pregnant with significance. The pattern established there has come from other Southern Negro communities and is bound to be adopted by more. So many causes have contributed to bringing about the changes, so many men of good will from both races have acted with courage and restraint, that no one can determine to whom—individual or group—goes the main credit, just as no one can say when the change started or when it will reach its end.

Yet two overriding factors must be singled out. The first is the dynamism of our economy that has made Birmingham the productive center it is. Economics reached Birmingham well before politics, and paved the way for the arrival of politics. The multiplicity and the intricacy of interests linking the two races to each other and Birmingham to the nation was registered by the men of business, while the men of politics were still brutally antagonistic or irresolute. To the shame of Marxists everywhere, the capitalistic ruling circles of Birmingham have imposed their good sense on the men in charge of the political superstructure.

The other factor is the power of our country, a power that makes it responsible to the rest of the world. We are a great democracy with a destiny of its own, equally and inextricably concerned with the sections of the world, and of our own people, that are still underdeveloped. At present, we are very much involved in Africa, and this involvement has been eminently registered by our Negro citizens. The more they know about the land of their origin, the more they realize how thoroughly American they are. Aren't we all the same, no matter from where we came, or when, or how?

No, we cannot waste our time contemplating our navel and deprecating our sinfulness. We have a long way to go, and still much suffering to endure. Though overpublicized, Negro haters and white haters are still a national menace. But the progress that has been achieved in the South during the last years is already such as to make those dedicated to furthering it confident in their unrelenting effort.

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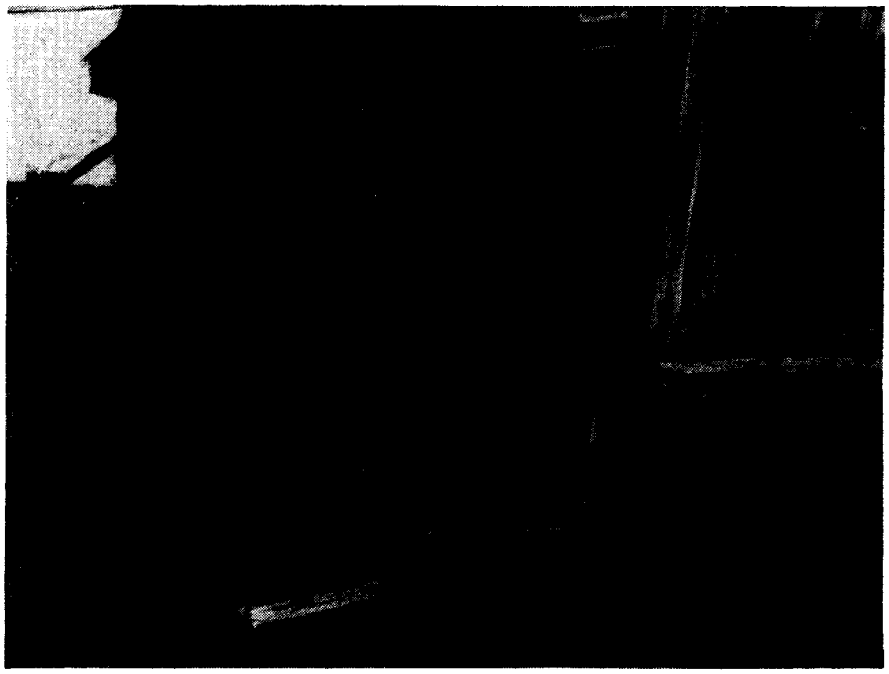

A Beginning in Birmingham

VINCENT HARDING

For the first few hours of Sunday, May 12, it appeared that everything gained in Birmingham was lost. As the bombs exploded and flames burst out in a half dozen places, the angry crowd of Negroes that surged against the police, the firemen, and even their own leaders seemed to be a frightful repetition in reverse of that other May Sunday in 1961 when the Freedom Riders were savagely attacked and beaten by a white mob in front of the city's Trailways bus station. Certainly it looked as if the new desegregation agreement between the Negroes and the white business-industrial leaders had been wrecked.

However, after the first shock of the bombings was over, several of the Negro negotiators were saying "This won't destroy the agreements; this kind of thing didn't come from the men we were dealing with." Among those whose confidence had not been broken was A. D. King, brother of "the leader," whose own house had been the first to be bombed.

A new conviction had been born among them—a conviction that neither Commissioner of Public Safety "Bull" Connor, the Klan, nor any persons of savage, racist mentality could ultimately prevail among the white citizens of Birmingham. This conviction was far more important than the failure to control the retaliatory violence of the Negro crowd (that crowd had too many vivid memories of harassment, brutality, and injustice to be contained).

That conviction has not yet been destroyed. It was the result of long days and nights of painful, growing, understanding between Negroes and whites—the kind of deepening communication that many other communities (Albany, Georgia, for instance) had never really known, the kind of encounter that is necessary before men can ever become more than stereotyped shadows to each other.

Although not a local Negro, I was present on April 15 when the first effective contact between the Negroes and whites was made. As a lay minister I had already served as a mediator in Albany, and I was

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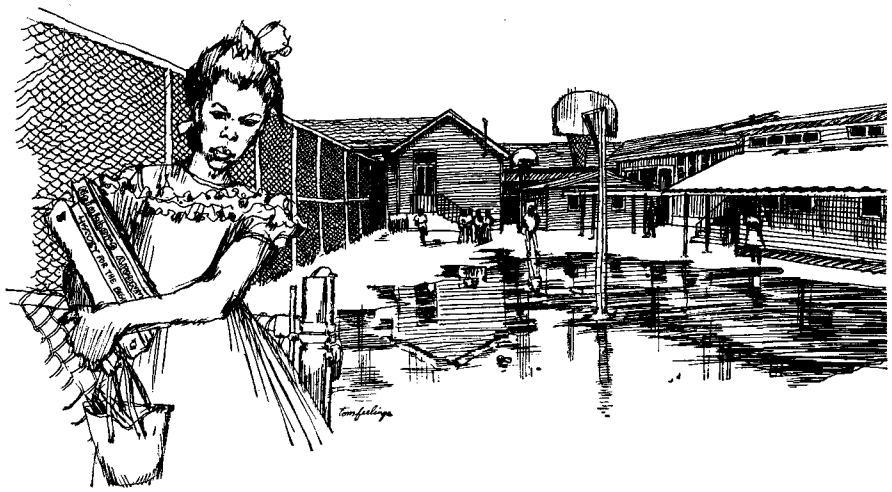
called to Birmingham to act again as a bridge between members of my race and whites.

This was not the first attempt at negotiations. Meetings were held between white businessmen and Negroes as far back as September last year, after the leader of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights, Fred Shuttlesworth, had announced the imminence of protest demonstrations against the city's rigid patterns of segregation. The focus of the announced demonstration was to be the lunch counters and other customer facilities in the downtown stores, along with discriminatory employment policies. Though the merchants were afraid to challenge Connor and the city ordinances by acting openly for desegregation, they did agree at least to take down the COLORED and WHITE signs over their rest rooms and water fountains as a trial step.



Almost immediately building inspectors were on the scene, threatening to close several stores for alleged code infractions. They forced one proprietor to make $9,000 worth of repairs on his elevator system. At the same time a steady stream of charge-account cancellations began. This assault caused most of these harassed merchants to lose whatever of their courage remained, and a series of misunderstandings led to the breakdown of the first attempt at communication between the activist Negro leaders and the whites.

Some of the Negroes were frankly discouraged by the fact that the businessmen had not been willing to stand beside them for what they knew was right. Some white business leaders, on the other hand, were hopeful that the upcoming referendum to change the city government might prove helpful. The referendum was to decide on the replacing of the three commissioner system by a city council of nine members and a mayor. The aim was to get rid of Commissioner Connor and enlarge the number of responsible representatives. For twenty-five years, Birmingham had been, as one white businessman put it, a "leaderless city." In this vacuum of responsible leadership, Connor has been exercising an amazing power, based mainly on fear.

But the November referendum did not bring an immediate victory. The city voted to dismiss the commissioners, but Connor did not give up. He ran for mayor under the new system, and though defeated by Albert Boutwell after a runoff election April 2, he refused to give up office and filed suit (along with the other commissioners) to maintain his position until the original term expires in 1965. The state supreme court did not decide the matter until May 23, when it ruled Boutwell in.

Since the first announcement of protest action in September, Shuttlesworth had been urged by white moderates to hold off demonstrations for one reason or another. First it was the attempt at negotiations that failed; then the referendum; then the municipal elections. Each time, the nervously intense but popular leader had agreed, and each time he had informed his friend, Martin Luther King, Jr., whom he had invited to Birmingham, that it would be advisable to put off his visit. Privately, both men put their hope in negotiations, since they had every reason to believe that protest marches in Birmingham—no matter how orderly—would lead to violence.

The uneasy waiting period stretched for months. Negroes supported the new form of city government in November and gave the majority of their meager 9,500 votes (there are 145,000 Negroes in the city) to Boutwell in April. Nevertheless, many saw the new mayor as only a refined version of an outright segregationist, and several of his campaign statements seemed to support this image. It seemed clear that voting for him would not be enough. The Negroes finally decided to hold the long deferred demonstration.

To the criticism of "untimeliness" (which came from Negroes as well as whites), the leaders gave several telling answers. In the first place, they said, there will always be people ready to call "untimely" any public protest against segregation. Second, there was no available evidence that the Boutwell government would move at a pace that would satisfy the rising expectations of the long-suffering Negro population. Third, in focusing their attention on the merchants and businessmen, they could directly ask for the specific improvements these people could make on their own. Moreover, they had seen how negotiations unaccompanied by demonstrations had bogged down last fall. Finally, the Easter season seemed a good time for two important reasons. One was that a Negro boycott would be most effective in this crucial buying period. The other—intensely important for some of the Negro leaders—was the religious significance of Easter. (It was not by accident that Martin Luther King and Ralph Abernathy went to jail on Good Friday.)

'Gonna Get My Freedom One of These Days'

The demonstrations began April 3 with picketing and sit-ins. Most of the picketers were arrested. Some of the sit-ins at lunch counters were allowed to stay without being served, and without being arrested. To the astonishment of both Negroes and

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whites, there was no violence as the first days passed. Indeed, even the police—with a long record of documented brutality—seemed to be making conscious efforts at restraint. For instance, when the crowds gathered, instead of the old refrain,

"O.K., you niggers, get back!," it was often, "Will you people please move along?" A small but significant change in Birmingham.)

Moreover, there were even white persons in the community who seemed to support the cause for which the Negroes were acting. Several called the motel which served as headquarters to offer their moral support, and more than once sit-in demonstrators caught a warm smile. One white lady went so far as to whisper, "Please stay, don't go away." On the street a police lieutenant shared a sandwich with a protest leader, and refused to move away when Connor saw them. On the first Sunday that Negroes visited white congregations some were actually welcomed, and told more than once, "I'm so glad you came." These were small signs, but they were eagerly received, and many Negroes began to wonder if the climate of the city had begun to change.

At the outset of the demonstrations it was not easy to find whites of stature and influence who were eager to discuss the city's difficulties. Many I approached said they would not talk with "outsiders." Others claimed they would not talk while demonstrations were going on. Some were simply afraid.

After the demonstrations on Good Friday, however, when King and Abernathy were jailed, several groups of white and Negro ministers began meeting. Often these encounters—so rare before—were painful, but they were never without profit. In one, a leading white minister, who may have spoken for his fellow clergymen, said, "The time has come, and I'm ready now to commit myself to work to find a solution. What can I do?"

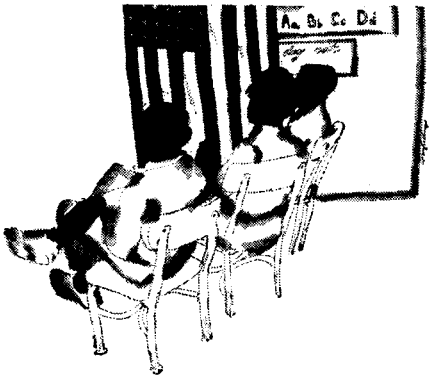
Finally, through the help of a white member of the Alabama Council of Human Relations, contact was made with one of the city's young professional men who turned out to be all-important. He had the ear and the confidence of both business leaders and the city administration-elect. Late on April 15, the night after Easter, he met in a minister's home with one of King's co-workers, the Council's representative, and my wife and me. The movement toward real negotiations now began. King's aide found almost immediately that the young man's concern was not limited to ending the demonstrations but with working out just and meaningful solutions. Moreover, he was well trained, like many of the protest leaders, and personal bonds began to be developed. If credit for bringing about a settlement in Birmingham ever were to go to any one person, it should be to this native Southerner. (At this time, he is better left unidentified.)

FOR THE NEXT two weeks semi-secret meetings were called, usually early in the morning or late at night. They were held in churches, homes, deserted office buildings; and in their course a network of relationships began to build up. Meanwhile, mayor-elect Boutwell made several cautious but effective public statements which seemed to indicate his own personal willingness to work for just solutions after assuming office. However, he was advised not to say anything that would possibly prejudice the Alabama supreme court against him, for no one engaged in negotiations cared even to think about what would happen if the Boutwell government were not sustained. Yet the merchants were hesitant to move without broader support from the business community or from an established city government. Real efforts were made, therefore, to provide this necessary backing.

At this point—the beginning of May—several things happened on the streets of Birmingham that more than likely had a marked effect on the negotiations. With close to a thousand persons having been arrested, the protest leaders found that a new group of demonstrators was urging itself upon them. At the outset of the public protests, no one younger than fourteen had been allowed to participate in activities that might lead to jail. Each day their insistence upon not being spared that risk became increasingly forceful and moving. Thus, when the decision was finally made to use them, it was almost unnecessary to pass out the leaflets that read: "Go to jail to free your parents, your teachers, and yourself." The students responded by the hundreds and then by the thousands. On Thursday, May 2, they began to march.

With the inflexibility that is so often seen in a dying system, the Connor forces went so far as to bring both dogs and fire hoses against the students, some of whom were not yet in their teens. They took the youngsters off to jail. In Birmingham many white parents shuddered to think of children facing this ordeal. Throughout the nation, and the world, the picture of a police dog jumping at a defenseless boy brought immeasurable sympathy. The pressure for change mounted.

The dogs and fire hoses convinced some that Birmingham could never



change without violence. Others concluded that certain forces in the city and the rest of Alabama—especially in the statehouse in Montgomery—wanted to force the Negroes into violence and give Governor George Wallace an excuse to move

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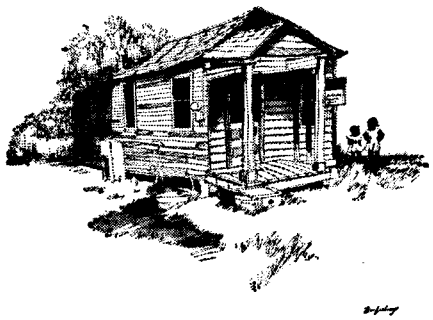
in with state troopers and even the National Guard. Consequently, the demonstrators were again rehearsed in their version of the Ten Commandments. "Refrain from the violence of fist, tongue or heart. . . .



Observe with both friend and foe the ordinary rules of courtesy. . . . Remember always that the nonviolent movement in Birmingham seeks justice and reconciliation—not victory." To make obedience easier for some of the hot headed, the demonstration leaders confiscated their knives before they left the churches.

Despite the temperate reaction to the hoses and dogs, the merchants still balked. Moreover, when Burke Marshall, Robert Kennedy's assistant for civil rights, arrived shortly thereafter, on May 4, he encountered a number of whites who said they preferred martial law to making concessions to the Negroes. Among the Negro leaders, Marshall realized that there was a determination to persevere until their relatively minor demands were met. He met at once with several business and industrial leaders, while higher members of the Kennedy administration made important contacts both inside and outside the city.

On Tuesday morning, May 7, Marshall urged the merchants, and other businessmen as well, to meet the demands of the Negroes. There was still hesitancy, and several thought the National Guard should be brought in to stop all protest activity.

However, on that Tuesday, the demonstrations reached an intensity they had not known before. A larger number of students responded than had been expected. Thousands were on hand, and not all were subject to the control of demonstration leaders. They broke through the barricades the city police had erected and ran into the downtown area. Some who were under control marched into several downtown stores, and in one—owned by the most recalcitrant merchant—they sat on the floor and sang freedom songs. Meanwhile, the police and firemen had begun to use their hoses even more indiscriminately and the crowds of onlookers received the same treatment as the students. Some in the crowd fought back with bricks and bottles. Tempers were rising in the area around the motel—an area not famous for its amenability to the discipline of nonviolence—and only the constant urgings of Negro leaders finally convinced the crowd to disperse. Many walked off with their soaking clothes steaming under the afternoon sun. For some of the students it was obviously fun to be doused—from a distance—in Birmingham's eighty-seven degree temperature. Indeed, they shouted to the firemen: "We'll be back tomorrow, with soap." Until May 12, this was as close to real violence as the demonstrations would come.

'Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Round'

Against this background, a meeting of whites was held that afternoon. It was due, in part, to the effectiveness of Burke Marshall and the power he represented; in part to the thousands of running, singing students; and in part, to the firm determination of more than fifty Birmingham whites to finally begin dealing in all seriousness with the problem. None of these three elements can be neglected in understanding the gathering.

Among the whites were men of high influence in Birmingham, and as a group they came as close to representing the economic power structure as any group could. Included were merchants, industrialists, corporation and bank presidents, prominent insurance and real-estate men. Also present was mayor-elect Boutwell and several persons high in his administration.

While there was a sense of urgency about the session, there was also a certain sense of self-satisfaction, for these men had finally decided to stand together in defiance of the racist sentiment that had so long ruled the city. Together, they represented—by their own estimate—more than eighty per cent of the hiring power of the Birmingham area. They proceeded to offer a timetable for store desegregation and a plan for extensive upgrading and reform in hiring practices. Just as important, they decided to name a committee headed by a real-estate man, Sidney Smyer, that would take public responsibility for any agreement reached. When a standing vote on this action was called for, there was a unanimous favorable response. They felt that they had accomplished something—and they had. Late that afternoon they made contact with the chairman of the Negro negotiating team and asked for a meeting that night. They wanted no wasted motion now, and hoped for a settlement by the next day.

Shortly before 8 P.M., the committee appointed by the business-industrial leaders and the Negro negotiators gathered in the downtown offices of one of the city's leading insurance brokers. Burke Marshall and Joe Dolon of the Justice Department were present. Again, someone close to Boutwell was present. As bank presidents, insurance executives, lawyers and clergymen sat there in the room, it seemed sad that men with so many interests in common should have needed a crisis to bring them together. However, the important thing was that they had

come, and within a few hours, the two basic items, desegregation and employment, were tentatively accepted by the Negro negotiators. (They would present them to their steering committee the next morning.) The meeting broke up with the hope that Birmingham had begun a new day. The Negroes sensed that they were dealing with men who would not back down on their word.

Nevertheless, some difficult terrain yet remained to be covered, and a

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subcommittee (which included Marshall) left the dark office building and went to the residence of a Negro for further work. A key problem was wording the agreement for public consumption. It narrowed down to this: How could a settlement be announced in terms specific enough for the Negroes to know that their demands were being fairly met, and yet vague enough so that white leaders would not be subject to attacks and their stores not subject to demonstration from the other side? Especially difficult here was the problem of protecting influential persons until the Alabama supreme court's decision concerning the new government had been reached. As one Negro leader put it, "I know that these men are individuals of good will and real stature and will keep their promises, but how can I pass on this assurance to the people without revealing exact names and promises?" Another pressing matter was the fate of the demonstrators still in jail. The Negroes said they could accept no settlement that did not somehow deal with this—even if charges were not dropped. As much as $200,000 would be needed for bail unless some way could be found to have them released on their own signature. This latter solution seemed unlikely, for Bull Connor still had control over the operation of the city jail. Finally, there was the question being asked by hundreds of anxious parents: will my child be readmitted to school? It was after 2 A.M. when the group finally dispersed, believing that they were on the way for some solutions to these last problems.

THE FOLLOWING day, Wednesday, May 8, the Negro negotiating committee presented its report to the steering committee, and the larger group was satisfied with the results. They voted almost unanimously to accept the terms that had been offered. King, Abernathy, and Shuttlesworth announced to the press their satisfaction with the progress of negotiations, and said there would be no "massive demonstrations" that day. Later, a difference of opinion momentarily arose whether or not there should be a small demonstration but a call from the Attorney General's office in Washington came in, and all demonstrations, massive or otherwise, were called off for the day. (One of the national Negro leaders in Birmingham said several times during these hours that he was sadly convinced that the Justice Department and the Attorney General's office were far more concerned with ending demonstrations than in working toward a real solution in Birmingham.)

However, that Wednesday afternoon an unexpected setback came when King and Abernathy and several others who had marched on Good Friday were placed under $2,500 bond each for parading without a permit. They chose to go to jail rather than pay the excessive amount. Some immediately interpreted the sentence and high bond

as a betrayal, and one of the local Negro leaders actually told the press that demonstrations would likely begin again. Those who had worked for long hours with the white negotiators, however, counseled watchful waiting: it was simply another attempt to embarrass the whole negotiation process, they said. They reached Marshall and some of the key white residents and arranged a meeting for the next morning. King and Abernathy's bonds were paid in the meantime, without their knowledge, by a wealthy Negro businessman who later said he thought the moment was too crucial for both of them to be in jail.

At the next meeting, the negotiators discussed the most vexing problem remaining—the hundreds of Negroes still in jail. Despite the "betrayal" the day before, the tension was relaxed enough for one of the Negro representatives to say that he knew a certain Republican named Rockefeller who might be interested in putting up the necessary bail money. Another said that President Kennedy had encountered no difficulty in raising ransom money for Cuban prisoners, and should therefore be able to ransom the Birmingham prisoners without batting an eyelash. By noontime that day it was clear that the money would be available, and almost $200,000 was actually in Birmingham late that afternoon. No one seemed to know exactly where it came from, even though the word "unions" was vaguely mentioned several times. It was later affirmed that the UAW had contributed part of it.

Late Thursday night, May 9, I worked with one Negro and one white lawyer and a representative of King's on the wording of the four-point agreement to be given to the press. The next morning the prisoners began to be released, even before the last negotiating session. The phrasing of the agreement was settled, and firm assurances were given that the schoolchildren would be readmitted on Monday. Early that afternoon, the final press conference was held, and Fred Shuttlesworth announced: "The city of Birmingham has reached an accord with its conscience." Before scores of cameras, Martin King was so moved that he said: "Birmingham now stands on the threshold of becoming a great, enlightened symbol, shedding the radiance of its example throughout the entire nation."

Even before the final agreement had been announced, both city governments disavowed any participation in negotiations (as was expected), and less than thirty-six hours later the bombs exploded; but neither King nor Shuttlesworth took

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back their words, nor did the spokesman for the white negotiators. On both sides there appeared to be a determination to hold fast to the confidence they had gained in each other.

'Keep on Walkin Keep on Talkin'

Basically, this is a confidence not only in each other but in the possibilities of Birmingham, for neither King nor Shuttlesworth was dealing in pure rhetoric when they made their climactic statements to the press. They are actually convinced, despite the tentative nature of the agreements, that Birmingham now has the potential to pass even Atlanta in the realm of just and humane race relations—an amazing leap, but not impossible. If we can get through this difficult testing period, the two men say, win a favorable state supreme court decision, and begin the first token steps of desegregation, then the city is at least on its way.

I share this hopefulness for several reasons:

¶ The very confidence that the Negro leaders have in the good faith of the white negotiators is in itself heartening. (Of course, one of these leaders quietly revealed the fact that his confidence was greatly bolstered by the presence of Burke Marshall at all of the final stages of negotiations.) They will be less tempted to stage impulsive demonstrations, even when sorely tried by situations like the May 12 bombings or the Connor-appointed school board's action in expelling or suspending 1,081 students. Moreover, I, too, felt that the men who represented the white business and industrial leaders were men of good will, men who had been certainly affected by the demonstrations, but also men who were doing more than merely trying to stop marches. They were concerned with setting right at least some of the inequities of the system in which they too were trapped.

¶ The respect and trust was not one-sided, though. It grew among the whites in painful, sometimes clumsy motions. At first they wanted to be the ones to decide who would and who would not be accepted as a Negro leader, but soon found they had to take seriously the young minister who explained that "Negro leadership is now largely determined by the willingness of a man to suffer for the people." They had to learn to deal with activists and "jailbirds," as well as Negro businessmen and educators, and among them all they found men who cared deeply about the city of Birmingham, men who sought the things that made for its peace. Now that these white and black men know each other (even to sharing private, unlisted phone numbers in some cases), there is far less danger of a breakdown in communications than ever before.

¶ The broad base of the white leaders represented in the agreement is, I think, unique in the South and holds excellent possibilities for future action. Representing eighty per cent of the hiring power, they are in a position to deliver on their promises in the economic field; if they stand together they cannot be made to back down on the desegregation promises. In Albany, Georgia, the white community was able to hide behind the city commissioners, who in turn hid behind the police chief, and the Negroes have not yet been able to penetrate to the core of the white populace. But in Birmingham, there was no government to hide behind, and the economic and civic leaders were simply forced to move forward. A better time for the demonstrations could not have been chosen.

¶ The key figure among the Negroes of Birmingham is Fred Shuttlesworth. Not everyone is happy about that fact, but it is a fact, and no estimate of future possibilities can be made without taking him into consideration. While he has often defied predictability, his power to move the broad base of the Negro population is undisputed. Forty-eight hours after the bombings Shuttlesworth was able to say that there would be no demonstrations until the period designated for desegregation had been given a fair chance. He prides himself on his ability to keep his word. It is worth noting that on May 14, when he called for the removal of state troopers from Birmingham, Shuttlesworth said: ". . . we want the city police, whom we respect, to take charge." When the battle-scarred Fred Shuttlesworth can say this about the city police, there is reason to believe a change is afoot.

Though nothing definite can be stated publicly at this time, I have firm reason to believe that the Boutwell adminstration will not oppose the agreement that has been made. They recognize the fact that Birmingham can never solve its economic and political problems (and they are legion) without first dealing with the issue of racial justice. If they are established in office, the city will not go backward from its present moment of expectation.

BUT, this general hopefulness must be tempered by several disturbing possibilities. One of them may lurk within the business-industrial group itself, for these men could conceivably interpret the present agreement as the farthest they could possibly go, and would stop after these limited goals were reached. Such an attitude would eventually lead them again into open conflict with the expectations of the city's Negro population, expectations which are forever speeding out beyond moderate white action. Such a conflict might set back the progress in Bir-

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mingham. Though this possibility must always be faced, I think the men involved have learned too much and have gone too far to be caught in such a backwash. Indeed, the gains they have made in a city like Birmingham can be measured by the fact that they were finally willing to reveal their names four days after the bombings. During those weeks I saw their fears and now count this open identification as a sign of their determination to move forward.

A major source of possible frustration, of course, is Governor Wallace. This avowed segregationist might be determined to maintain his foothold in Birmingham through the occupation by state troopers. (It was one of these men who cracked the butt of his carbine against a woman's head on May 12 because she walked in the wrong direction, looking for her children.)

Finally, I have been aware of a possibly disturbing factor in the presence of some of the national reporters who remain in Birmingham. There is almost a sense of disappointment present among some of them—disappointment that there is no more copy-producing excitement. As a result, there is a tendency to try to generate excitement by probing among the white and Negro leaders for areas of disagreement. If this were pressed long enough, a series of ill-considered statements could lead to unnecessary difficulties.

Nevertheless, in spite of these real possibilities, I share the conviction of the scores who have said, "Whatever happens from here on, Birmingham will never be the same again." Even though it may be long deferred, a change lies ahead. Indeed, it has already begun within the minds of men—black and white.

From a European's Perspective

HANS MORTEN RUBIN

It was "Bull" Connor himself who stopped me on the street. "I've been told," he said, "that you walked into a nigger church hand-in-hand with a nigger this morning. For your own sake, son, remember that this is Birmingham, Alabama, not Sweden."

He was wrong, among other things, about my nationality. I am a Dane. But I had no trouble understanding the meaning of his statement. There is, of course, a great difference between Birmingham, Alabama, and any one of the Scandinavian welfare states. Sometimes, however, an outsider can see a situation more clearly than a native, and I might have pointed out that it was a Swede, Gunnar Myrdal, whose book *An American Dilemma* is still probably the definitive work on the problem that has come to a head in Birmingham. It is Myrdal's conviction, incidentally, that without conflict there can be no progress in racial matters.

Unfortunately, it is usually conflict rather than progress that gets attention. The picture of a police dog attacking a Negro demonstrator makes the front pages everywhere, but don't be too sure the same thing will happen when the first Negro clerk reports for work at a five-and-ten-cent store. I was made to think about this when an elderly gentleman stopped me in front of Birmingham's Thomas Jefferson Hotel and indignantly asked, "Why do all you reporters write these lies about us?" He did not wait for an answer. I certainly have not written lies about Birmingham, but on the other hand I am not entirely sure that I and the other reporters have presented the whole truth.

We did our jobs: we counted arrests and casualties, told about the police dogs and the fire hoses. But I am well aware that we may not have given enough emphasis to the bricks that were *not* thrown, the policemen who were *not* brutal. It would have stopped the presses all around the world if Martin Luther King had been murdered, but how do you go about explaining to a news editor that the most amazing story to be told is that Dr. King is still alive? This is an oversimplification, of course, but nevertheless when the day's work was done and we correspondents met at the Gaston Motel for a nightcap, we often talked more about the absence of violence than the violence itself.

"What we want," Dr. King declared not long ago, "can be told in three words: ALL, NOW, and HERE." We Europeans have heard demands like that before. The names of at least five other cities come readily to mind—Jerusalem, Palestine; Oran, Algeria; Nicosia, Cyprus; Léopoldville, the Congo; and Budapest, Hungary. In each case the bitterness of those who made the demands and those who refused them led to large-scale violence. Why did things turn out differently in Birmingham, Alabama?

When the trouble was at its worst, the Ku Klux Klan burned a few crosses, some black-painted whites threw two bombs, and a couple of hundred Negroes rioted. Bad enough. But most of the guns were left at home, and the terror was obviously not organized. Here was no Secret Army, no desperate FLN. For a change the moderates on both sides had united, leaving the extremists to operate on their own. Perhaps it was only because the whites did not feel sufficiently threatened. Don't forget, Dr. King's ALL, NOW, and HERE had diminished to A LITTLE, SOON, and IN HALF A DOZEN STORES. Things might not have been so calm if the Negro leaders had not been content to break just a few holes in the wall but instead had been determined to tear the wall down completely.

Full equality is still to come, and history gives little hope that a revolution of that sort can be carried out without violence and bloodshed. All a stranger in Birmingham can say for sure is that at least this time, perhaps because both sides dreaded the consequences of failure, a limited settlement was negotiated.

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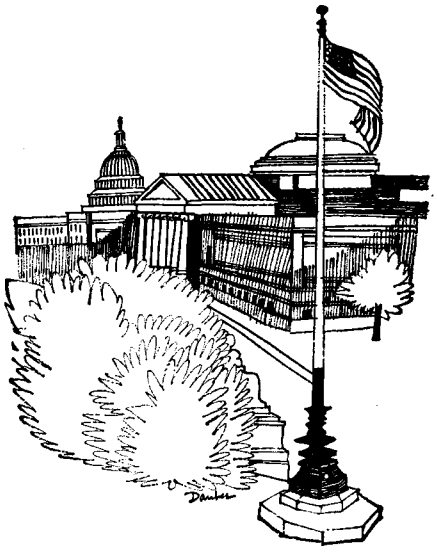

The Case for Tax Reform

JOSEPH A. PECHMAN

EARLY THIS YEAR the President sent to the Congress a bold and unique set of tax recommendations, which he appropriately regards as the key to his legislative program on domestic affairs. These recommendations included $13.6 billion of tax rate cuts for both individuals and corporations, with offsetting tax reforms of $3.4 billion. The net cuts of $10.2 billion are intended to get the economy back to full employment and to promote economic growth. The tax reforms, which are long overdue, are intended to improve the fairness of the income tax by closing loopholes and relieving hardships.

In the hulabaloo over the tax reduction, the tax reform part of the package has been virtually forgotten. Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon still insist that the Revenue Act of 1963 will contain significant reforms, and the committee is now hard at work on the administration's proposals. But the consensus of informed observers is that the final bill will have only a few face-saving amendments to permit the reformers to get off the hook.

The Kennedy reform proposals represent a serious attempt to reverse the erosion of the income tax base—a process that has been taking place quietly but relentlessly for many years at the expense of equity and at a substantial cost in revenue. Since tax reform is a painful process, it was easy to predict that the attempt would raise a chorus of protest from every taxpayer group whose pet tax advantage was being threatened. With this in mind, the administration decided that the best time to propose tax reform is when the pain of tax reform can be relieved by large tax cuts.

The strategy backfired for three reasons: First, the administration's key base-broadening proposal—the five-per-cent floor on personal deductions—turned out to be too complicated for the public to understand; second, in an atmosphere of tax reduction, Congress hesitates to alienate even a small minority of voters whose taxes might be increased by reform; and third, the anti-reform groups have aligned themselves with proponents of quick tax reduction in a hard-to-beat combination.

What the public does not appreciate is that the tax reform proposals are among the most progressive recommendations made by President Kennedy since he took office. Included in the package in addition to the five per cent floor are revisions of the capital-gains tax, repeal of the dividend credit, a device to raise exemptions for low-income taxpayers, a more rational tax-relief system for the aged, and many other constructive provisions. Furthermore, the tax reforms are heavily weighted in favor of the low- and middle-income groups; without them the proposed rate reductions would be a bonanza for the high-income classes. Both the President and the Secretary of the Treasury have warned that rejection of the reform proposals would require a complete restructuring of the rate cuts to prevent a loss in equity among income groups.

Capital Gains

The most far-reaching proposals are those concerning capital gains—profits from the sale of stocks, bonds, real estate or other assets. Short-term gains—profits made on assets held less than six months—are now taxed as any other income. Gains on assets held more than six months—the so-called long-term gains—are subject to half the rates on ordinary income, up to a maximum of twenty-five per cent.

In addition to the overwhelming rate advantage, the law permits capital gains to go completely free of income tax if transferred from one generation to another through bequests. And in the case of gifts, the gain is taxed only if the assets are later sold by the recipient. The result is that increases in the value of securities and real estate held in wealthy families for generations may never be subject to income tax. For example, General Motors stock is now selling at about $70 per share. An investor who bought 100,000 shares years ago at a price of $20 per share has a capital gain of $5 million. If he sold the stock, he would pay a tax of $1.25 million. If he left the stock to his children, no tax would ever be paid on the $5-million gain. (There is a separate estate tax on such stock, but this tax applies whether or not the gain is taxed.)

In this year's reform plan the President recommended the taxation of gains on assets held up to a year (instead of up to six months), at full

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rates, on the sound principle that there is no basis for preferential treatment of such gains in a tax system based on an annual accounting period. More important, he also proposed to tax unrealized capital gains when they are transferred by gift or death, at the same rates that apply to realized gains.

It is hard to exaggerate the significance of this proposal. Estimates of the amount of income escaping tax through the gift and death loophole range upwards of $5 billion per year. This is unfair not only to the millions of taxpayers who realize capital gains during their lifetimes and pay tax on them, but also to the tens of millions receiving other incomes that are taxed in full. An income tax with this loophole can hardly be regarded as a model of fairness.

As the price for this reform, the President agreed to reduce the tax on long-term gains to thirty per cent of the proposed tax on ordinary incomes. The rate would range from 4.2 per cent in the first bracket (where the ordinary rate would be fourteen per cent) to 19.5 per cent in the top bracket (where the ordinary rate would be 65 per cent).

The danger of suggesting such a trade is that Congress may accept the rate reduction without closing the loophole on unrealized gains. If that were to happen, the damage to the fairness of the tax system would be immeasurable. To avoid any misunderstanding, the President has said that unless the loophole is closed "there would be no justification for any reduction of present capital gain rate schedules."

The Dividend Credit

Few issues in taxation evoke a greater emotional response than the so-called "double taxation of dividends." Corporate profits are subject to the corporation income tax and the dividends from these profits are later taxed under the personal income tax. Many tax experts defend this double taxation on the ground that a modern tax system would be incomplete without a separate tax on corporations. Furthermore, the double taxation argument has merit only if a significant portion of the corporation tax rests on the stockholder. If it is passed on to the consumer in the form of higher prices, it is actually a sales tax in disguised form.

To the extent that dividends are taxed twice, the heaviest burden is imposed on dividends received by persons in the low- and middle-income brackets, not—as many believe—on those at the top of the income scale. Suppose a corporation pays a dividend of $48. With our present corporate tax of fifty-two per cent, the income before tax from which this dividend was paid amounted to $100. If this $100 had been subject to personal income tax rates only, nontaxable individuals would have paid no tax on it; the excess burden of the corporate income tax in this case is the full $52 tax. By contrast, a taxpayer subject to a ninety-per-cent rate pays a personal income tax of $43.20 on the dividend and the total tax burden on the original $100 of corporate earnings is $95.20. But since he would pay $90 under the personal income tax in any case, the excess burden is only $5.20. In

other words, the "double tax" ranges from $52 for the lowest-income stockholder down to $5.20 for the highest-income stockholder.

To reduce double taxation, the law now gives stockholders a flat credit of four per cent of their dividends against their personal tax. Although this credit appears to be uniform, it is a much more handsome double-taxation allowance for high-income stockholders than for those in the lower- and middle-income bracket. At four per cent, the credit on the $48 dividend in the example just given is $1.92, thus removing thirty-seven per cent of the $5.20 double tax on the ninety per cent stockholder. The same credit removes only five per cent of the double tax for stockholders subject to a thirty per cent rate and does nothing for the stockholder whose total income is so low that he is not taxable. (The law also exempts the first $50 of dividends from personal income tax, but this hardly balances the advantages of the credit at higher income levels.)

There are various ways to moderate the double taxation of dividends in an equitable manner. The President chose the straightforward method of doing away with both the four per cent credit and the $50 exclusion, substituting a cut in the corporation tax rate from fifty-two to forty-seven per cent. The five-point reduction would automatically remove almost ten per cent of the double tax for all shareholders regardless of their income. It also makes a good deal of sense to reduce the corporate rate, which is extremely high by other standards as well.

The Five Per Cent Floor

Seldom has a major tax proposal been so thoroughly—and unjustly—maligned as the floor on personal deductions. Although the proposal seems to be dead, the matter of deductions will be reviewed by the Ways and Means Committee and it is worth understanding the rationale of the administration's position.

The proposal is to require taxpayers who itemize their deductions to subtract five per cent of their income from the total deductions claimed. The option of using the standard deduction would remain unchanged. For example, a taxpayer with a $20,000 income and $3,000 of personal deductions, would reduce this by five per cent of his income, or $1,000, leaving $2,000 to be deducted. A taxpayer with the same income and only $1,500 of deductions would have only $500 left after subtracting the five per cent floor; it would be to his advantage to switch over to the standard deduction, which amounts to $1,000 at his income level.

The Treasury has had to defend itself against a number of unfair criticisms of this plan, two of which are most persistent. First, it is said that the five per cent floor would discourage charitable contributions. But data from tax returns show the average taxpayer who itemizes today

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has deductions amounting to over fifteen per cent of his income. His state and local taxes alone may equal the five per cent floor. Most of the other deductions, such as medical expenses, interest, and alimony would continue regardless of any changes in the tax law. Under the circumstances, most taxpayers who itemize would still be able to deduct their contributions.

Second, it is alleged that the floor will more than offset the rate reductions in the middle-income group, which is usually defined to be between $10,000 and $20,000. Nothing could be further from the truth. The rate reductions at this level average about twenty per cent, but the five per cent floor will amount to less than a quarter of this reduction. On balance the net tax reduction would average fifteen per cent in the $10,000-$20,000 class.

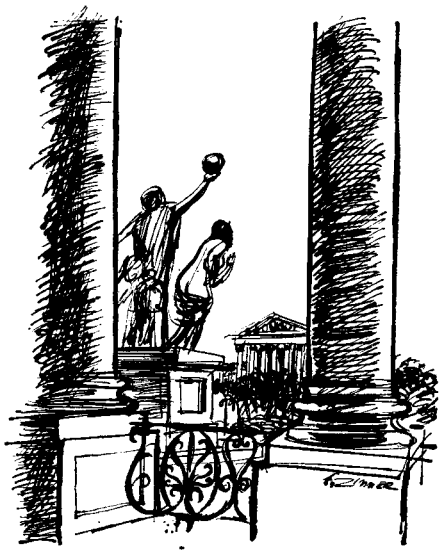
The Treasury has justified the floor mainly on the ground that without it the new rates would have to be substantially higher in the middle- and high-income brackets. But most people react negatively to a proposal that is justified on revenue grounds alone. The plain fact is that the personal deductions in our tax law are too generous. An income tax is designed to tax all persons with the same income and family responsibilities alike. Through the deduction system, our law makes allowances for specific *expenditures* as well, and many of these deductions do violence to the principle of tax equality.

A strong case can be made for permitting deductions for medical expenses, which are often involuntary and unpredictable and may exhaust a large proportion of the family income. In keeping with the purpose of the allowance, present law limits the medical deduction to an amount in excess of three per cent of income. Other deductions are not so limited, and they are much more difficult to justify. Why should home owners be given a large tax advantage over renters? Should interest on personal loans be deductible? Most people give something to charity regardless of tax incentives; if the purpose is to stimulate contributions, would it not be more efficient to allow a deduction for gifts in excess of some small proportion of income, just as it is in the case of medical expenses?

Since 1944, deductions on taxable returns have risen from $12.5 billion to more than $50 billion, and they now cost more than $12 billion of revenue annually. The five per cent floor is a device to recapture $2.3 billion of this lost revenue without fighting a battle over each deduction.

Even if the floor is abandoned, it should be possible to achieve the objectives of the proposal through some other method. The most straightforward way would be to eliminate the unnecessary deductions and place separate floors on the others.

The personal exemption has remained at $600 per capita since 1948 because even a modest increase would be expensive. To give some relief to those in the bottom brackets, the administration recommended—in addition to the $600 exemption—a minimum standard deduction of $300 plus $100 for each additional dependent, up to a maximum of $1,000. This would be an option in lieu of the present standard deduction of ten per cent for those with incomes below $10,000. Under this plan, single persons would not be required to pay any tax until their income exceeded $900, as compared with the present combined personal income and standard deduction of $667. A married couple with two children, now paying tax on an income of $2,667 or more, would be exempt up to $2,900.



More than thirteen million low-income tax payers would benefit from this proposal and of these 1.5 million would be completely removed from the tax rolls.

THE TAX LAW shows more concern for our senior citizens than for any other population group. Individuals more than sixty-five years of age have an additional exemption of $600, pay no tax on their social security benefits, receive a tax credit of up to $240 on other retirement income, and are not required to reduce their medical deductions by three per cent of their income, as other taxpayers must.

It is difficult to see why our income tax, which is graduated on the basis of income after deductions for personal exemptions and extraordinary medical expenses, would not automatically allow for the special circumstances of the aged if it did not contain these provisions. Nevertheless, the relief they now receive seems to have the approval of most of our citizens, young or old. The objection to this system of relief is that it goes to those among our aged who need it least. The $600 additional exemption is worth nothing to a nontaxable individual, $120 to one who is taxable at the twenty per cent rate and $300 to one who is taxable at a fifty per cent rate.

The administration recommended replacing the extra exemption for the aged and the retirement income credit with a flat credit of $300 against tax, giving the high- and low-income aged the same *dollar* tax benefit. Married couples more than sixty-five years of age would not be subject to any tax unless their income exceeded $5,800 as compared with the present $2,667. For single persons, the corresponding limits would be exactly one half of those for married couples.

This plan would reduce the taxes of persons over sixty-five by an additional $320 million—over and above the proposed rate cuts—and it would distribute the tax benefits much more fairly among them. It would have been even fairer to give similar benefits to the nontaxable aged through increased social security, but unfortunately income taxes and social security are never considered

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simultaneously by the Congress.

Aside from the foregoing major changes, the President sent Congress a long list of less dramatic proposals that would nevertheless have significant effects on the distribution of the tax burden. Some would relieve hardships and lose revenue; others would close loopholes and gain revenue.

The relief measures include a more liberal child-care deduction for employed women, widowers, and divorced men; a new method of averaging income for authors, artists, actors, and others with highly fluctuating incomes; and a deduction for moving expenses for employees who change jobs. The suggestions for tightening include revisions of the stock-option provisions, elimination of tax shelters for real estate, taxation of lump-sum pension and profit-sharing payments as ordinary income rather than as capital gains, and correction of some unintended benefits in the special tax privileges of oil and mining industries.

Too Important To Be Shelved

Although there may be legitimate differences of opinion regarding details, the program is well thought out and it warrants serious consideration by the Congress. But with unemployment still in excess of five and one-half per cent, there is a premium on speedy action on the tax-reduction part of the package. Consideration of tax reform, on the other hand, will inevitably slow up the legislative process. Under the circumstances, it would be better to push through at once a simple reduction in the income-tax rates—say, a flat cut of three or four points in all individual and corporate rates—to buy more time for the tough job of hammering out a tax reform bill. Otherwise, most of the reforms may go down the drain in the attempt to pass a bill before the end of this year.

Wilbur Mills and Douglas Dillon are determined to push a bill providing for both tax reduction and tax reform through Congress this year in the face of these difficulties. It looks as though they have an impossible job, but it would be premature to sell this high-powered combination of political and economic talent short.

U.S. Investments in France

RICHARD GRENIER

ONE DAMP FRIDAY MORNING last August, 685 workmen at the Frigidaire plant in the northern Paris suburb of Gennevilliers received brief, unemotional notices that General Motors (France) no longer had need of their services. No warning. No delay in execution. In a matter of hours the 685, including nine union representatives, walked out jobless. Angry but half dazed, they milled about for a while in the courtyard, and demonstrated in the afternoon in front of the company offices, but the firm's chief executive, H. V. Leonard, Jr., upheld his company's decision. Because of the effects of severe competition, particularly from Italy, General Motors (France) was laying off overnight more than twenty per cent of the work force of its entire refrigerator division.

Ten days later another American company, Remington Rand, ordered the closing down of its 1,200-worker plant near Lyon to concentrate output for its various Common Market operations in three other EEC countries. Although Remington Rand tried to avoid the bad press reaction which had befallen General Motors, its employees were nonetheless very shortly left to their own devices on the local labor market.

The events became something of a *cause célèbre*. Newspapers called the Frigidaire action "callous," "brutal," "irresponsible," and Minister of Industries Michel Maurice-Bokanowski protested heatedly that General Motors had not even followed the French practice of consulting previously with government authorities. Both press and minister viewed the Remington move gloomily as a somber example of disregard for the French national interest on the part of a major industrial company under foreign control.

Although the number of workers affected in the two incidents was not large enough to affect gravely the national economic situation, the Frigidaire and Remington "cases" hung in the air ominously during the entire winter and provided fuel for the emotional public controversy that arose on the dangers versus the benefits of U.S. investment. The tone of much of this controversy gave the impression that France was in the position more of a banana republic than of a great industrial nation. (The Central American analogy, in fact, appeared more than once in the French press.)

On January 18 the news was released that Chrysler, through agents in Switzerland, had acquired possession of enough shares outside France to give it sixty-three per cent control of Simca, a major French automobile manufacturer. During that same week it was announced that Libby, McNeil & Libby of Chicago was planing to build a multi-million dollar canning plant in southern France capable of doubling the production of France's canning industry.

The Trend Since Rome

As the debate on American capital became increasingly heated, the French government was working out

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a strategy for the regulation of U.S. companies. Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing had already made it clear that he did not object to the total bulk of American investment, which he admitted was reasonably modest. In fact, he said that new U.S. investment in general was desirable. What he did not like was its concentration in certain sectors which it finally succeeded in dominating.

Aside from automobile production, companies under American control have been estimated to account for thirty to forty per cent of French national turnover in oil, forty-five per cent in tractors, sixty per cent in the photographic industry, and fifty per cent in telephones, telegraphic equipment, business machines, and computers, with specific sectors as high as seventy per cent. U.S. interests, plus a handful of international companies such as Nestlé and Unilever, control one third of the whole French food-processing industry, and there are other areas of heavy American concentration: ball bearings, elevators, sewing machines, farm machinery, and the entire field of electronics. American investments, moreover, have been expanding rapidly in the last few years in chemicals, pharmaceuticals, and rubber products. In short, there is now hardly a branch of French manufacturing that does not contain at least one redoubtable American competitor.

VERY FEW French housewives, who have known O-Cédar floor mops since childhood, are conscious that this household name belongs to an American company. There was doubtless a period when Otis elevators and Burroughs business machines (established in France before or during the First World War) seemed products of the latest wizardry of American technology and were consequently associated with the United States in the public mind, but that time is long past. National Cash Register, translated very nicely as Nationale Caisse Enregistreuse, United Shoe Machinery, International Harvester (all founded in France at the end of the nineteenth century), Singer Sewing Machine, Timken Roller Bearing, Ideal-Standard plumbing (American Radiator & Standard Sanitary), Eastman Kodak cameras and film all seem so familiar that French people find it difficult to think of them as foreign.

Recent acquisitions of American companies have been particularly conspicuous. Both Firestone and Goodyear have lunged into the tire market. Pillsbury has taken over a top biscuit maker, Ralston Purina now controls France's largest animal-fodder producer, Corn Products has a leading manufacturer of packaged soups (which in France far outsell the canned variety), General Foods lists a major candy house and a popular brand of coffee, and Minnesota de France (Scotch tape) has just annexed a large photographic supply concern. The list is long.

Eager for the EEC

The expansion rate of American interests in the Common Market as a whole has been equally impressive. At the end of 1957, nine months after the signing of the Treaty of Rome, direct long-term U.S. investment in Common Market countries amounted to about $1.7 billion. Four years later it had risen eighty-one per cent to more than $3 billion. The expansion rate for France was exactly that for the EEC as a whole.

For purposes of comparison, the rate of U.S. investment in Britain was not far behind at seventy-eight per cent, while that for West Germany led the Common Market easily at 102 per cent. In absolute terms, of course, new U.S. investment in both Britain and Germany was much larger than in France. In Britain, it accounted for more than four times the French total over the four-year period, and topped the combined figure for all six countries of the EEC.

Investment in absolute terms, however, gives undue weight to the amount of additional capital pumped into countries in which American concerns already have huge operations. Britain is an obvious example, and vast U.S.-controlled companies such as Opel (General Motors) and Ford in Germany place that country in a similar category. Many specialists consider that the backlog of past investment, demanding new capital for further expansion, makes even percentage-increase figures misleading in some respects. They feel that the most sensitive trend indicator is such a document as that prepared by the Chase Manhattan Bank for internal use, listing brand-new operations that American companies have launched in Western Europe since the start of the Common Market.

Here France clearly ranks first. The Chase Manhattan list, kept admirably up to date, counted at the close of May of this year 365 new ventures for France—by far the lion's share. Italy, Germany, and Britain followed, with 286, 285, and 257 respectively. Although some of these new "operations" are somewhat in the nature of observation posts (the list takes little account of turnover), their number gives a rather accurate indication of the way things are moving.

TO AVOID CONFUSION it would be well to make clear one other characteristic of the changing pattern of postwar U.S. investment abroad. Beginning about 1952, when private capital in any considerable quantity first started joining the U.S. public funds coming into Europe, most of the private American money was in the form of "portfolio" purchases of European stocks and bonds by investment companies. Through 1957, two-thirds of American investment in France was of this kind. From 1960 on, however, some eighty per cent of U.S. private investment in France has been "direct"—i.e., straight investment by American companies in enterprises they intend to influence or control completely. This is the type of U.S. investment that has suddenly become the subject for such extensive public comment.

An important distinction must be made at this point. American companies are able to penetrate France and the rest of the world for two reasons: advanced techniques, whether in the development of the product or its manufacture, and enormous financial resources. The French government has no quarrel with advanced American technology. Whenever a new U.S. product establishes itself through technical superiority, it is welcome. The gigantic financial power of the big American companies is another matter. The scale of their operations, which dwarfs that of most European companies, and the ability of the U.S. firms to commit millions

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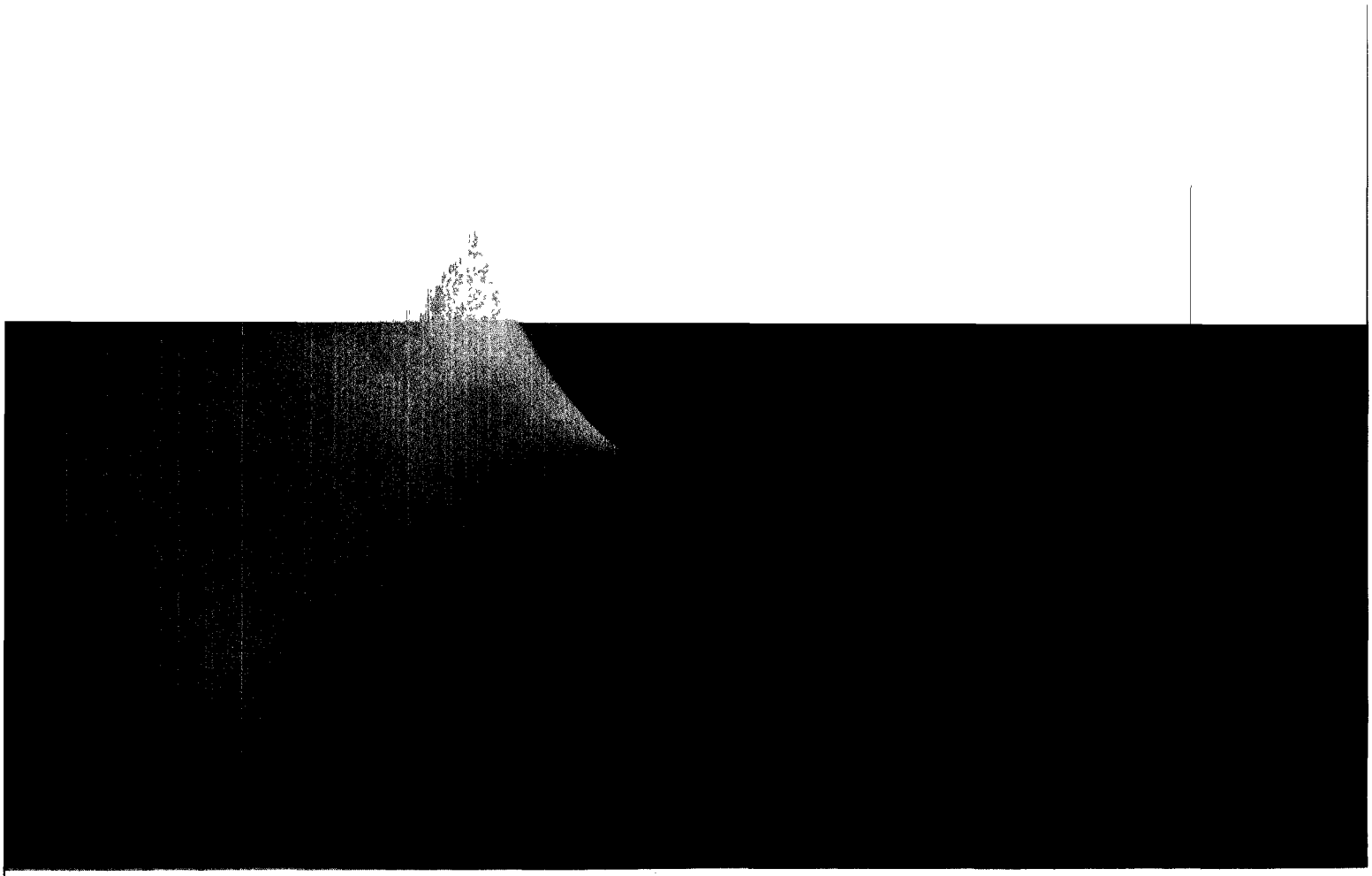

The one-piston, no-cylinder space engine that runs for a year on a pound of gas

This is the Republic pinch-pulse plasma engine. It is just 9 inches long and weighs 5 pounds.

Its "piston" is an invisible magnetic squeeze. Many times each second, it drives a small volume of ionized gas (plasma) through a narrow exhaust tube at high velocity. Each pulse of the piston accelerates the engine forward.

It may be powered by energy from the sun, nuclear reactors, or silver-cell batteries. This power is stored in a bank of capacitors and discharged into the plasma chamber at precisely timed intervals. With this controlled pulse rate, the engine has variable thrust and specific-impulse values. It can stop and start on command. Its simple design and construction make it intrinsically reliable. And it has already undergone extensive tests.

Complete with controls, fuel supply, test instruments and electrical power source, the engine system has been operated in an environmental test chamber simulating actual conditions of space. Control information is telemetered into the test chamber.

This pinch-pulse plasma engine was built by Republic under contract to the Office of Naval Research. It is the prototype of a family of engines for satellite propulsion, stabilization, attitude control and rendezvous-and-docking in orbit.

One day its descendants will drive ships out beyond orbit . . . deep into the black vacuum of space.

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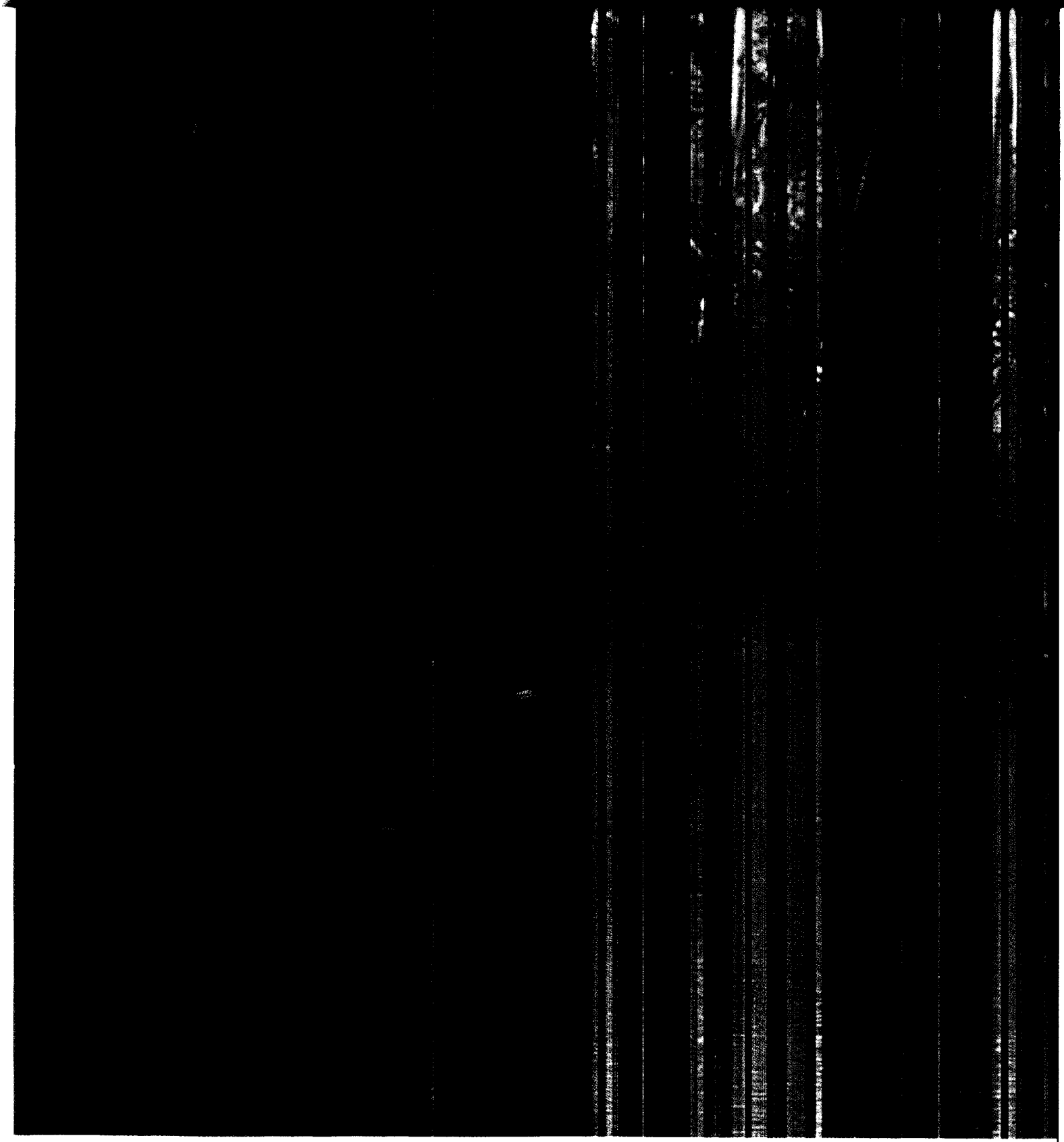

Thruway to Bangkok

No toll stations or cloverleafs mark Thailand's klongs, and the only traffic reports are issued by saffron-robed priests along their shores. Yet these canals make up a transportation network of an entire nation: freight route, scenic highway, and main stem all rolled into one.

Like the rest of the Thai economy, traffic on the klongs is dominated by rice. Once, it was a two-week journey from field to market in hand-paddled boats. Now, the rice comes down to Bangkok in a day and a half in boats powered by one-lung motors. Thousands of small growers return more quickly to their paddies to attend to the production of the chief source of Thailand's foreign exchange.

Jersey Standard's affiliate, Esso Standard Eastern, helped the rice farmers of Thailand to take this forward step in transporting their basic commodity. Envisioning the proportions to which motorized klong traffic could grow, it invested in the future of Thailand by constructing dozens

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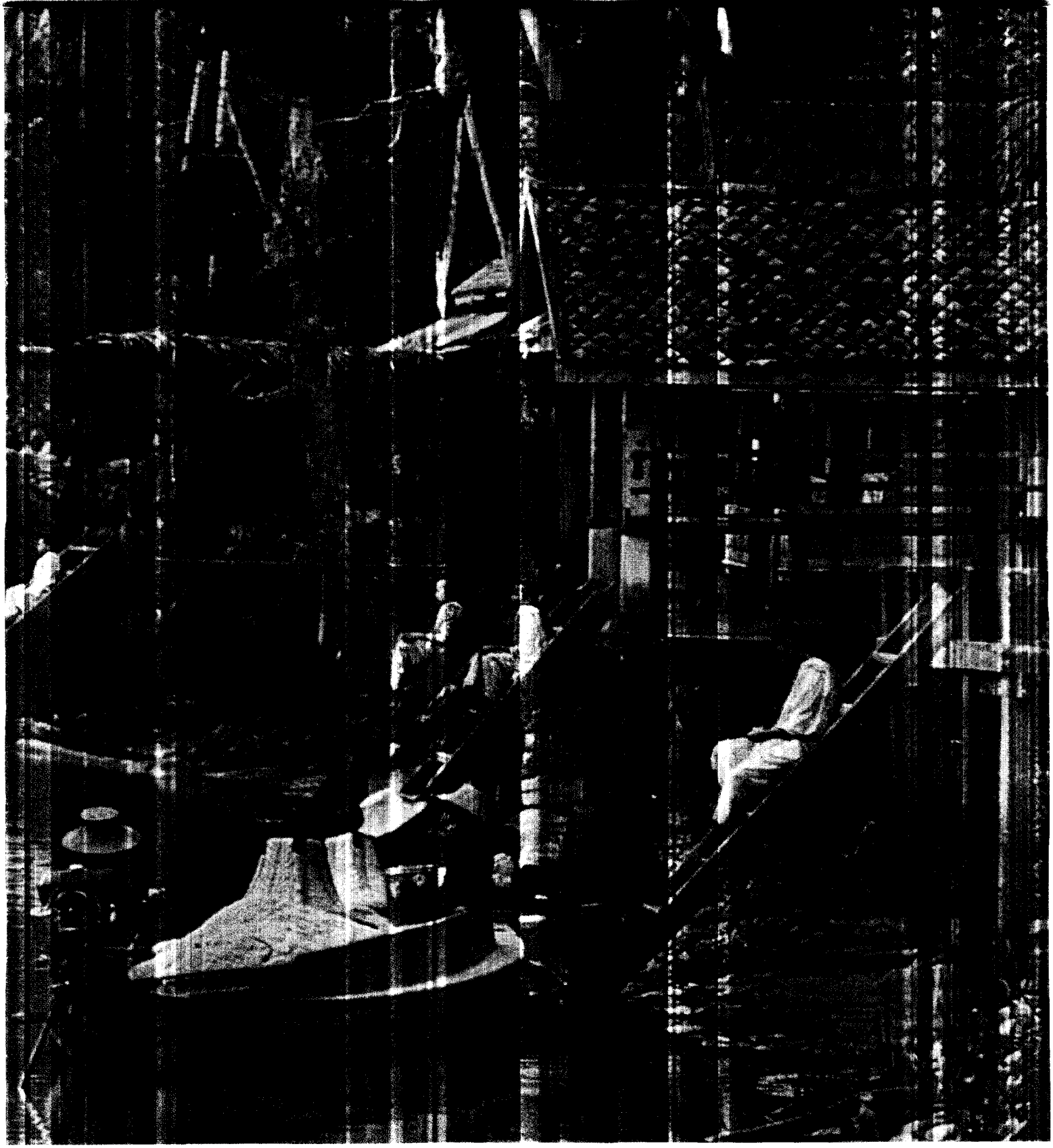

of floating service stations. These stations, run by independent Thai dealers, service the little inboards and outboards that are changing the country's economy. Fuel is cheaper; service is readily available.

Overseas investments, like those Jersey and its affiliates have made in Thailand and elsewhere, help the United States keep pace in today's competition for expanding world markets. Throughout the free world, they spur production, raise living standards, and make possible increased trade among nations. Benefits to others are matched by benefits at home —in returns to shareholders and in stimulus to economic growth.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
and its affiliate
Humble Oil & Refining Company

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to advertising budgets and sustain ruthless price wars, disturb those who are responsible for the health of the French economy.

What makes the government apprehensive about U.S. big business is exactly what attracts many French firms. For the most part, it must be understood, the picture of a modest-sized French manufacturer shaking in his boots at the news that a Goodyear or a General Foods is about to do battle with him belongs more to folklore than to fact. A number of French industrialists have unquestionably felt the impact of the American assault. But at present roughly half the new U.S. investments in Europe are in the form of joint ventures with an established European company. The du Pont-Kuhlmann, Dow Chemical-Péchiney, and Pepsi Cola-Perrier linkups, all in France, can serve as examples. On occasion, moreover, even in the take-over operations that are sometimes thought to be prime evidence of U.S. aggressiveness, it is the French firm that seeks out the American precisely in order to be taken over.

This is less of an abdication than it sounds. Many traditional French companies, uncertain of their ability to expand to the scope of the new 170-million-inhabitant Common Market, find it easier all around to grant a majority shareholding to an American big brother. In the case of Libby, McNeill & Libby, the French government itself supported the Chicago firm's bid after French canners had let the development opportunities in Southern France go practically by default.

Canny Canners

At present there are almost a thousand French canning companies and half of them employ fewer than twenty workers. The average firm turns out only a few hundred tons of product a year: only a handful pass the ten-thousand-ton mark. The Libby project, submitted to the government, called for an output of 200,000 tons in 1967 with further expansion thereafter. State officials implored French canners to regroup, merge, concentrate in production units with aggregate turnovers of at least $10 million a year in order to have some economic effectiveness, and offered them thirty-year capital-equipment loans at three per cent. Eighteen months after the appeal there was still next to no response. Libby was still waiting. It got the nod.

There was an immediate outcry from militant farm organizations representing the small holders and from a wide range of political groups including Socialists, Communists, Mendésists, left-wing Gaullists, and miscellaneous technocrats. The state had already spent $160 million in developing the Bas-Rhône-Languedoc region and it irked them to see a great capitalist enterprise harvest much of the benefit. What they wanted was a state-sponsored co-operative or some sort of nationalized undertaking, and they charged the government with being more opposed to socialism than to foreign influence.

The critical factor, however, was the crushing weight of France's agricultural surpluses, for which French officials are still struggling desperately to find markets. Libby, in addition to promises to negotiate contracts with the local farmers, supply equipment and stocks, set up pilot farms, and take an active part in the life of the region, had pledged to export eighty-five per cent of its plant's production. Libby's immense distribution and retail networks, which cover both Europe and America, and which a new French peasants' co-operative could hardly match, gave the U.S. company the means to fulfill its pledge.

Recently French and Italian interests have moved to acquire a sizeable ownership in Libby, and the prevailing opinion is that the giant canning project will soon be in operation.

As can be seen from the Libby case, the French government is not blind to the beneficial effects on France of even the most colossal American companies: efficient concentration, streamlined production and distribution techniques, increased tax revenue for the state, and reinvested profits. Altogether, U.S. firms provide a total of $100 million to $200 million in fresh capital annually. Also the French-made products make a sizable contribution to France's exports. Then there are the benefits apparent to any layman: new jobs, new products, the stimulus of competition, and the expansion of national production.

Living with 'Le Plan'

But the attitude toward American capital, even in "sensitive" sectors, is still somewhat ambivalent. The French government in general abhors the looming dominance of U.S. companies. It abhors American control in essential defense production—unless it has no one else equipped to manufacture an inertial-guidance system for missiles. It dreads the financial power of the gigantic U.S. concerns—unless it earnestly desires someone, anyone, to invest in an economically depressed area. This is why Firestone received a large state contribution to the financing of its new plant at Béthune, in the stricken northern coal-mining region.

Nonetheless, there is unquestionable sincerity in the concern of Paris planners at the partial removal of certain key sectors of France's economy from French control. To some extent the dignity and efficacy of French planning itself is involved.

France's *Commissariat Général au Plan* is, rightly or wrongly, given a great deal of the credit for the country's brilliant economic record from 1958 on. "Le Plan" (the planning commission) has a whole string of enticements at its command—tax relief, real-estate and building privileges, outright grants—but its most basic instrument is the manipulation of credit, which gives it power over a large part of companies' development finance. Le Plan uses this tool in pursuit of national goals sometimes at variance with the simple quest for commercial profit. Firms with easy recourse to capital abroad, however, escape its control to a

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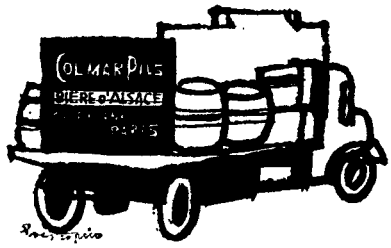
considerable degree. To French planners the ownership of a large part of the national motor industry by American interests—to return to Chrysler—might cause extra difficulty in dealing with a widely anticipated European automobile crisis.

General Motors and Ford already control forty per cent of Britain's car production and thirty per cent of Germany's. Ford is investing yearly in Europe some three times the total investment of nationalized Renault. Most economists are predicting for 1966 an aggregate European production of seven million automobiles—for an estimated demand, including exports, of under six million. Some specialists even put demand as low as 5.5 million. What will happen when, or if, the crisis breaks?

THUS France, without any illusion about the welcome its concrete proposals would receive from its Common Market partners, still felt that it had adequate grounds for setting forth its position on the U.S.-investments problem at a March meeting of the EEC finance ministers in Baden-Baden. Giscard d'Estaing prepared for the conference by arming himself with Article 72 of the Treaty of Rome, which appears to contain many unexplored nooks and crannies. The previously neglected second sentence of Article 72 states that the Common Market Executive "may address to the member states advice which it judges useful" regarding movements of capital to and from outside nations. France would probably like best to see this provision implemented by some kind of quantitative restriction, sector by sector, on the maximum amount of foreign control judged desirable for the collective economy of the Six. The French hope to receive active support for their position from at least the EEC executive—which for evident reasons is often more concerned with the prerogatives of the Community as a whole than are any of its member nations.

Actually, the French case quite clearly rests on more than whimsy. The debates during the negotiation of the Treaty of Rome prove that some form of concerted investment policy was indeed in the minds of a number of the negotiators when Article 72 was drafted. The French attitude would also be not inconsistent with the new Common Market "programming" project—and here the automobile situation is highly relevant—designed to compare and possibly correlate independent national investment plans in specific industries.



No set Paris doctrine, however, has yet been formulated on the question of American investments. In addition to out-and-out restrictions on foreign investment, lines of action open to the French include strengthening of Common Market (or French) antitrust legislation, selective suppression of tax or credit privileges for foreign investors, closer regulation of investment in general, whether domestic or foreign, and a highly controversial plan to withdraw voting rights in company matters from EEC (or, again, French) corporation shares acquired by foreign interests. The last proposal is based on a system of dissociating voting and ownership rights actually operating in Switzerland, where the American economic penetration in relation to the size of the country is about four times the present level in France. During a previous period of "protecting" French enterprises from foreign take-over, from 1902 to 1930, it was legal for companies to issue shares with plural voting rights —intended by the legislators for French nationals. This law, although repealed after a series of abuses, could conceivably serve as another precedent for discrimination against foreign interests. France, for that matter, is at present operating a quota system for crude-oil imports which already puts foreign oil concerns under a heavy disadvantage.

BEFORE the Baden-Baden conference finally opened in late March, after two postponements from the original date of January 31, West German Vice-Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and Belgian Finance Minister André Dequae made public statements affirming their outright hostility to any special regulation of American capital in their countries. Faced with such sharp advance rejections, the French minister, realizing the uselessness of an aggressive attack—at least at this point—moderated his whole campaign to a "suggestion" that the Common Market executive draw up for the finance ministers' next meeting in June an industry-by-industry report on the extent of foreign penetration in EEC. But the French delegate's modest tone did not deter ministers from Italy and West Germany—Giuseppe Trabucchi and Rolf Dahlgrün—from emphatically stating their governments' friendly attitude toward U.S. investors. Indeed, Trabucchi argued that action to curb investments flowing into the Common Market, even from outside countries, would be contrary to the basic philosophy of expansion and free capital movement to which the Six were pledged under the Treaty of Rome. His Bonn counterpart expressed doubt that the necessary data could be assembled in the immediate future, and recalled that most nations kept no records adequate for such a study.

What's All the Fuss About?

In any event, the French had already been undermined before the start of the conference by the publication by the EEC Commission of a highly publicized report on American investment in the Common Market. The report showed that total investment expenditure by American-controlled firms, including locally raised capital and undistributed profits, amounted at the close of 1961 to only slightly over two per cent of gross capital formation (excluding housing) in the nations of the European Economic Community. In the breakdown by countries, the percentage of U.S.-controlled investment was highest in Germany, with 3.1 per cent. In Italy, although increasing rapidly, it was average, 2.0 per cent, while in France, with 1.4 per cent, it was lowest by a good margin.

The figures were not new. They

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were merely deduced from previously published statistics, the most important of which were available in the January issue of the U.S. Department of Commerce's *Survey of Current Business*. Nor did the figures dispel the French government's objections to the concentration of U.S. capital in narrow, key sectors. They had, however, a marked calming effect on the French press. It was hard to see as the ogre a foreign group controlling only 1.4 per cent of French investment or, alternatively, as the friendly giant whose picture had been drawn by some in public debate. And other observers remarked that other members of the Six could not fail to realize that as the U.S. investment pattern stood now, with France recording the lowest degree of saturation by American capital, a French suggestion that an EEC-wide ceiling be set on foreign investment might turn out to be another one of those French proposals payable more by France's partners than by France itself.

As FOR unilateral French action, the prospects depend mainly on the future of the Common Market. If the Market were to stagnate and break down, independent measures by France against U.S. interests would be a strong possibility, despite a three-year-old Franco-American covenant guaranteeing investors of either country unlimited right of establishment in the other. (Any present French refusals are technically only temporary steps to allow time for necessary studies and preparations.) A breakdown of the Common Market might also considerably diminish the American incentive to invest in Europe. But short of such a collapse, France should be deterred from uniltateral action by some formidable considerations.

First, the Treaty of Rome forbids capital restrictions in one member state at variance with those in others. Second, France is not Switzerland. In compensation for deprival of company voting rights, Switzerland offers U.S. firms tax advantages (some cantons have no corporate income tax) which France could not possibly match, and any French abrogation of voting privileges would be intensely resented by U.S. concerns. Third and most effective, if the French withdrew voting rights, instituted thorny new investment controls, or took any other steps to hedge in U.S. business, American investors could simply set up shop in neighboring Community countries such as Germany or Italy, from which quarter the goods they produced—assuming that the EEC remains in existence—would have free and ready access to the French market. In this eventuality, France would be deprived of the jobs, taxes, and other benefits the U.S. firms could have conferred on the French economy.

Might not France make a determined new attempt to persuade the rest of the EEC of the wisdom of its views, when the statistics have finally been compiled and the others' humors have improved—as they seem to be doing already? Given the greatest possible increase of good will within the Community, it is still hard to see how France could have much chance of bringing its partners around to its way of thinking on United States business interests.

France might have appreciably better luck if it advocated a concerted EEC policy of regulating "conditions of competition" within the Six, applicable to local firms as well as foreign. Brussels sources indicate that the EEC executive itself would favor seeking a solution in this direction. The executive is now known to feel that reducing the strength of American firms in the Community would serve no valid purpose, and that the ideal complement to its "programming" concept would not be restrictions on American capital but what it calls an effective "competition policy." At any rate, specific Common Market attack against foreign or U.S. holdings per se seems very unlikely.

This Strange Thing Called African Socialism

KEITH KYLE

DURING a parliamentary debate in Tanganyika last summer on the stagnant state of the new nation's economy, Chief Mhaiki remarked: "Probably this new doctrine of socialism is one of the reasons that frightens capital investment . . . Naturally everybody is asking himself whether he should be bringing his money here when there is so much socialism."

In neighboring Uganda, which became independent last October ten months after Tanganyika, John Kakonge, the young general secretary of the ruling Uganda People's Congress, was called on by some of his political admirers to resign from his directorship of an Indian-owned steel and engineering corporation on the ground that holding such a position was inconsistent with his socialist principles. "I am in a fix," Kakonge confessed to the local press. "There is no doubt that our party has socialist inclinations, although they are not categorically stated in our last manifesto, and the suggestion that politicians lay themselves open to bribery and corruption by accepting business posts is quite valid. But it has also been argued that if I were to pull out of the company now it might ruin the healthy investment climate that our party has created."

Mhaiki's doubts and Kakonge's dilemma are two examples of the difficulties clearly recognized by the more sophisticated Africans as they go about the business of establishing economic and political precedents for the nations they are founding. Most of them, knowing that they must borrow from outside, have apparently chosen socialism as their pattern. But it is certainly not the socialism of Norman Thomas or Harold Wilson—much less that of Nikita Khrushchev. Just what is African socialism?

The leading East African theoreti

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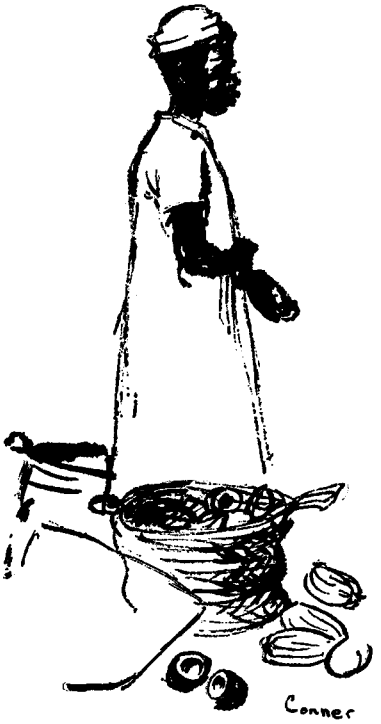
cian of African socialism is Dr. Julius Nyerere, president of Tanganyika and chancellor of the new University of East Africa. Never a Marxist, Nyerere defines his position as a reasoned departure from British parliamentary democracy. The French-speaking leaders of West Africa such as Léopold Senghor of Senegal have at least a decade's seniority over Nyerere as guides of African political thought, and the intellectual norms from which they departed in establishing their separate African identity were explicitly Marxist. Nevertheless, both Senghor and Nyerere have arrived at definitions of the basic elements of an African political philosophy that are in most essentials identical.

Nyerere's pamphlet "Ujamaa: the Basis of African Socialism" contains two basic propositions, both of which are also to be found in Senghor's 1959 address to his party convention. The first is that before contact with the white man, African society was communal, egalitarian, and classless; these three characteristics must therefore be contained in any synthesis of African and non-African cultures that takes place on African soil. The second is that the most characteristic expression of traditional African culture—and the one from which a valid African political philosophy must therefore start—was the extended family.

NYERERE CLAIMS that Africans have no more need of being "converted" to socialism than they have of being "taught" democracy. Both are natural to their heritage. "Ujamaa" (familyhood), he contends, "is opposed to capitalism, which seeks to build a happy society on the basis of exploitation of man by man; and it is equally opposed to doctrinaire socialism which seeks to build its happy society on a philosophy of inevitable conflict between man and man."

The Marxist group at the 1959 Rome Congress of Negro Writers and Artists resolved that "the cultural references in Marx's thought are nearly all drawn from western experience" and that "the economic situation of the western proletariat cannot be strictly identified with that of the underdeveloped peoples." Marxist West Africans and non-Marxist East Africans alike repudiate the notion that it is first necessary to go through a tunnel of class warfare before reaching the light of classlessness at the other end.

Indeed, they would argue that the primitive socialism and classlessness of Africa contain peculiarly African virtues that exempt this continent from much of the bitterness of European experience. As they see it, it will not be necessary for Africa to go through a thousand years of national wars to reach Europe's present level of "civilization," nor to endure class warfare as an inevitable condition of economic growth. "As prayer is to Christianity or to Islam," writes Nyerere in Ujamaa, "so civil war (which they call 'class war') is to the European version of socialism—a means inseparable from the end. Each becomes the basis of a whole



way of life. The European socialist cannot think of his socialism without its father, capitalism. Brought up in tribal socialism, I must say I find this contradiction quite intolerable. It gives capitalism a philosophical status which capitalism neither claims nor deserves. For it virtually says, 'Without capitalism and the conflict which capitalism creates within society there can be no socialism.'"

It is the "capitalist frame of mind" that Nyerere repudiates, not any particular method of owning industry or organizing production. And what makes a capitalist? Not an individual's possession of wealth but the value he attaches to possessing it. "The man who uses wealth for the purpose of dominating his fellows is a capitalist. So is the man who would if he could." The criterion—and it is applied to institutions and even countries as well as to individuals—is moral and psychological, a matter of behavior and aspiration rather than of objective economic structure. In accordance with these standards, the one institution that has so far been the main target of African socialism has been the trade union; the most recent foreign group to be reproached with "capitalist" behavior has been the Communist bloc.

In one African country after another the unions are being attacked by the political leaders on three grounds: that irresponsible strikes are endangering business confidence; that wages must not be allowed to outstrip productivity; and that the industrial proletariat, a small privileged minority, must not enrich itself at the expense of the peasantry. Nyerere has been extremely tough with the trade unions, accusing some of their leading figures of possessing a capitalist mentality, and putting through legislation that places industrial relations under strict government control. And he has also been outspoken about some of the newer forms of exploitation in international affairs: "I believe that the socialist countries themselves, considered as 'individuals' in the larger society of nations, are now committing the same crime as was committed by the capitalists before. Internationally they are using wealth in exactly the same way now as the capitalist countries have always used it—for power and prestige."

The Best of Two Worlds

The most recurrent African cliché is that the new Africa should borrow the best from the West (or impartially from East and West) and graft it on the best to be drawn from old Africa so as to promote a new synthesis. Unfortunately, Africans are rather short on definitions of what

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African features they choose to preserve. Moreover, there are two difficulties that have not yet been very seriously considered by African writers.

The first is that African tradition is intimately bound up with the life of the tribe. Yet, since the tribe is too small a unit to form the basis of a nation, most African nationalists have made the stamping out of tribalism one of the principal elements of their creed.

The second major difficulty is that the much-desired synthesis is not to be achieved, as many Africans seem to assume, simply by tossing aside what is worst in African and non-African societies and conveniently leaving a residue composed of the best of both worlds. Actually, these two "bests" are often liable to collide. Practically all African writers harp on the high social value of the extended family, with its strong sense of moral obligation, spreading horizontally through more collaterals than is now usual in the West. It is this feature, with its strong emphasis on family responsibility, which most outsiders also find attractive about African life. But the implication, in terms of a modern economy, is that as soon as a man rises above his fellows he is expected to be the universal provider for a vast family constellation. Is this compatible with the rapid accumulation of private savings so as to create a local capital market, or with the building-up of disposable income that will create a demand for the output of new industries?

TO BE SURE, most African incomes are so low that there can be no question of sitting back and waiting until individual Africans accumulate sufficient capital to develop the country. Local private enterprise means essentially Indian enterprise, and the Indians have a reputation for not taking Africans into their businesses and for investing most of their profits outside Africa. Otherwise private enterprise means foreign investment; for years to come, shareholding by African individuals in foreign-owned industry can be only symbolic. In poor countries, such as those of Africa, no comprehensive economic planning can be realistic unless the government has some control over investment policies. The best pattern, in the opinion of the leaders of the local British commercial community in East Africa and the World Bank missions, is that set by the Uganda Development Corporation. The UDC, an independent public authority founded by the British colonial regime, starts businesses on its own where these are needed and no private capital is forthcoming, and it enters into partnership with domestic and foreign investors when these can be found.

Similar public corporations are being established, with British and West German participation, in Tanganyika and Kenya.

In their almost frantic desire for rapid economic growth, the African leaders, socialists and non-socialists alike, are prepared to give the guarantees that are commonly required by the potential foreign investor—repatriation of dividends, fair compensation in the event of nationalization, subsidized industrial land and buildings, tax exemption for the early years, and tariff protection for new industries. Ministers of commerce like George Kahama of Tanganyika are stumping the country explaining the absolute necessity of allowing foreign-owned firms to make profits. Although Africans are greatly taken with Israeli and Scandinavian experience in the widespread use of co-operatives, no doctrinaire objection has yet been voiced to encouraging Africans to go into business. Far from it: such a development is considered socially desirable if only so that African commercial centers will lose their exclusively Anglo-Indian appearance. No one has worried much about the impact of business success on the "natural socialism" of the African *entrepreneur*.

No social objective is more ardently desired by leaders like Nyerere than the development of a society without classes. But the beginnings of a class system can already be discerned. The public services—and the small junior-executive class in the more farsighted foreign corporations—became rapidly Africanized in the months and years immediately before independence. But because of the acute shortage of able and educated Africans, foreigners remain in key positions, fresh ones are recruited, and foreign technicians are employed on contract for years after independence. Africans promoted to comparable jobs must not be paid less (apart from overseas pay incentives) than the Europeans they replace or work beside; otherwise there will appear to be color discrimination. But the establishment of parity of reward between white and black for doing the same work creates a huge income differential within the African community. Moreover, the scarcity of the African graduate gives him a high international market value.

THE LATE Dunduza Chisiza of Nyasaland once wrote: "There is a tendency in the West for people to assume that man lives to work. We believe man works to live. This view of life gives rise to our high preference for leisure." Like Chisiza, the Kenyan social anthropologist S. K. Karimi finds the term "African socialism" misleading. He sums up the special African characteristic as "a dynamically gregarious humanism." It will not be easy to preserve these graceful qualities while injecting the motivations needed in the competitive atmosphere of twentieth-century industrialization. The African socialist leaders have to break new ground.

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The Disappointments Of Ayub Khan

J. H. HUIZINGA

IT IS HARD to think of a dictator who has enjoyed a better press in the democratic world than President Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan. Partly this is due, no doubt, to the man's attractive personality. The years spent at Sandhurst, followed by nearly two decades of service in the forces of the British Raj, molded this tweedy, bluff soldier into the very model of a British officer and gentleman. His geniality, common sense, and realism, together with the total absence of demagoguery in his public utterances make him a very unusual dictator indeed.

Or rather did make him that, for the Ayub of today is no longer the sole ruler of his country. His voluntary restoration of democracy is another reason for his popularity. Moreover, his original seizure of power would seem to have been amply justified. In 1958 when he stepped in to "clear up the mess," as he put it, his country's experiment with parliamentary democracy had collapsed in tragedy and farce. Party strife in East Pakistan had reached the point where the majority faction in parliament chased the speaker from the chamber, subsequently voting him insane; whereupon the opposition, not to be outdone, set upon the deputy speaker and beat him to death. And far from being an isolated incident, this was the culmination of eleven years of increasing instability.

The death of Pakistan's first president, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, in 1948, thirteen months after the country was founded, was a tragedy. He alone might have been able to keep his party, the Moslem League, together the way Nehru has succeeded in holding his Congress Party together. But even that is doubtful in view of the tensions between the two parts of the country. Separated by eleven hundred miles of India, and with nothing in common—neither language nor script nor race nor temperament—except the Mohammedan religion and memories of Hindu domination, their antagonisms proved so profound that more than eight years of wrangling were needed before their representatives in the National Assembly were able to agree on a constitution. The Moslem League by then had long since fallen apart into regional groups that in turn split into factions revolving around personalities. Coalition governments formed and dissolved chaotically. The federal parliament, as well as the two regional chambers, became the stage for what a prominent Pakistani publicist has called a "ceaseless, ruthless struggle for power carried on with a total lack of loyalty to any ideal, principle, or even to the nation."

Beginning at the Bottom

This was the mess that Ayub set out to clear up. His coup was bloodless and free of vengefulness. A few of the most corrupt politicians were jailed but the majority suffered no worse a fate than compulsory retirement from political life. So sincere was Ayub's attachment to the democratic ideal he had acquired from his British tutors that within a year he took the first step toward the fulfillment of his pledge of 1958 "to restore democracy, but of the type that people can understand and work."

In Ayub's way of thinking this meant that the voters should be asked "only such questions as they can answer in the light of their own personal knowledge and understanding without external prompting" and that they should participate in the affairs of the country only "up to the level of their mental horizon and intellectual caliber." The people of Pakistan, he felt, were not yet ready to have a direct say in the affairs of state.

"Has our society developed to that stage when our people can determine individually who should be their president?" he asked. "Can they be expected to say, 'So-and-so is better than So-and-so'? Is it their fault if they do not know it? Have they—say eighty or eight-five per cent of them—been dealing with problems outside their immediate normal sphere? And if they cannot make a decision themselves then what happens? Somebody goes and misleads them, throws dust in their eyes, tempts them, intimidates them. Will you really get the right answer like that? . . . For God's sake let us be realistic. Let us realize our limitations."

Ayub believed that his countrymen could be entrusted with only a measure of self-government on the lowest level, in the villages and in urban wards. Toward the end of 1959 he authorized elections at this level of small councils consisting of ten so-called "basic democrats" representing a group of villages or an urban district with an average population of ten thousand. These districts are called "basic democracies." In order to ensure that the voters would be personally acquainted with the merits of the candidates, the "basic democracies" were subdivided into ten constituencies of one thousand persons, or about four hundred voters, entitled to elect one "basic democrat" each. Only in this way, Ayub argued, could the people be protected from their own ignorance or innocence.

As the democratization process took hold, Ayub broadened the responsibility of the "basic democrats." Under the constitution of 1962, these men, preponderantly villagers, who had been elected in January, 1960, to discuss such matters as the improvement of a local road or the construction of a drain, were now promoted to be the electoral college that chooses both the President and the members of the central legislative as well as the two provincial assemblies. Under this system the privilege of choosing Pakistan's rulers goes to the fifty thousand peasants, thirty thousand village shopkeepers and artisans, 2,586 businessmen, 391 retired civil servants, and 288 lawyers who themselves have been elected as "basic democrats."

The system has come in for a great deal of criticism, in response to which Ayub has created a franchise commission to see how the

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electoral college can be enlarged. Also, the parliamentary elections of April, 1962, compelled him to recognize that his invention has not quite come up to expectations. He had hoped that his "basic democrats," in their role of electors, would prove invulnerable to the intimidation and bribery that many parliamentary candidates—or their powerful protectors, landlords and businessmen—had practiced on such a large scale in the bad old days when they had to deal with a poverty-stricken electorate that is still ninety-three percent illiterate. When it came to the test, the "basic democrats" were generally no less pliable than the mass electorate of the old days. In the countryside, especially in West Pakistan, they tended to choose the nominees of the traditional ruling class, while in the cities the trade in votes was brisker than ever. No wonder: now that the number of voters had been reduced from tens of millions to tens of thousands, the same amount of money obviously went a good deal further than before.

As a consequence of this disappointing performance, Ayub now finds himself stuck with a parliament in which the Old Guard is once again strongly represented. Nor is that his only setback. He had hoped, somewhat naïvely, that he would be able to give his country the blessings of representative government without the curse of party strife. He had maintained his ban on political parties and told his "basic democrats" simply to elect "good and patriotic people." But no sooner were the legislators seated in parliament than they split into the old teams of "ins" and the "outs," subdivided into regional groupings and factions centered around leading personalities. Recognizing the inevitability of this process last summer, Ayub reluctantly signed a bill, passed by the assembly, lifting the ban on parties.

The situation today in many ways resembles the "mess" Ayub set out to clear up five years ago. While most of the politicians he forced to retire in 1958 are still barred from holding elective office, they have managed to get a good many of their friends elected and, particularly in East Pakistan, continue to enjoy wide popular support. They have once again become a force—generally a hostile force—to be reckoned with.

"Ayub pretends to have restored democracy," one of them told me, "but in fact life in Pakistan today is like a police state. My telephone is being tapped and you can be sure your visit to my house has been carefully noted." So great is the Old Guard's bitterness that they do not hesitate to accuse Ayub of having become corrupt himself, pointing out that his two sons have gone into business and his daughter has married the heir to the throne of the small state of Swat.

Ayub has one consolation, however. The power of parliament, where his majority is far from secure at present, is greatly reduced. Under the presidential system installed by

him it can no longer make and unmake governments. Nor can it paralyze the executive by refusing to release funds since Ayub has seen to it that control of the public purse is vested in the executive, another source of fierce criticism from the Old Guard. They denounce Ayub's type of presidential government as totally undemocratic, and it cannot be denied that compared with the American system, for example, Pakistan's government lacks checks and balances. Ayub's reply to these critics is that what is suitable for a politically sophisticated country is not necessarily feasible in a country with Pakistan's temperament and stage of development.

The presidential system suffers from one serious flaw in Pakistan. By concentrating power in the executive and rendering it independent of the legislature, the country's need for a strong and stable government is met. But because this means concentrating power in the hands of one man, who cannot be both an East Pakistani and a West Pakistani, it fails to meet the country's equal need for a truly national government reconciling the interests of the two major regional sections, both of them highly suspicious and resentful of "domination." Hence the intensity of the opposition in East Pakistan to a system which, for as long as Ayub remains president, places such great power in the hands of a West Pakistani.

ONE HAS to visit Pakistan to realize what a difficult country it must be to govern. Its rulers must constantly be in three places at the same time: sprawling Karachi in the steaming southwest, the former capital and still the center of economic power; provincial little Rawalpindi, the garrison town at the foot of the Himalayas where Ayub has transferred the seat of government pending the completion of the new capital, Islamabad; and remote Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan which he has promoted to the seat of the legislature. Neither road nor rail communications link it, across suspicious hostile India, with the western region. One must either fly or go by sea, a seven-day journey.

It is this fundamental dilemma of a divided country requiring both strong government and its opposite, coalition government, which Ayub has been unable to resolve and which has sometimes driven him to exasperated outbursts of frustration.

For Ayub is a bitterly disappointed man. He has done more to meet the demands of East Pakistan, by granting it both a larger autonomy and a larger share of development funds, than any of his predecessors, but he has learned that there is no gratitude in politics. Moreover, he has certainly been ill rewarded for the humane manner in which he "cleared up the mess" and for the self-effacing spirit in which he set about the fulfillment of his promise to restore democracy. But, bitterest of all, he has been made to realize that his vision of democracy, in which wealth and influence would confer no special political power and where there would be no destructive party strife, was only a dream.

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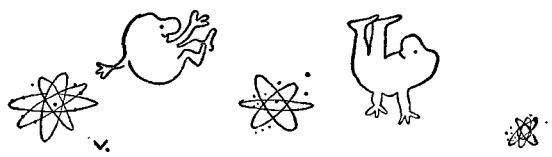

The Air Force Coins a Word

DAVID BURNHAM

On October 29, 1957, just three weeks after the Soviet Union launched the world's first satellite, an editorial was mailed from the Pentagon to Air Force bases all over the globe. The editorial, which talked about "air/space vehicles of the future," was the beginning of an inconspicuous but nevertheless successful campaign to add a new word —"aerospace"—to the American language. For if air and space were one, the public-relations men reasoned, then the Air Force would become the Space Force.

The press agents stuck with the awkward "air/space" phrase until the summer of 1958, when they discovered what was to become their secret weapon in the bitter interservice battle for the space dollar. In an editorial dated August 15, the publicists said the Air Force Association should get in step with the times and call its outlet the *Magazine of American Aerospace Power* rather than the *Magazine of American Air Power*. The semantic sound barrier had been crashed and articles referring to "aerospacecraft" and "aerospace warfare" received wide circulation within the Air Force during the remaining months of 1958.

But the American public was not brought in until General Thomas D. White, then Air Force chief of staff, dropped a verbal blockbuster while testifying before the House Astronautics and Space Committee on February 3, 1959.

"Aerospace," he told the congressmen, "is a term which may be unfamiliar to some of you. Since you will hear it several times during the course of our presentations, I would like to define it for the committee at this time. The Air Force has operated throughout its relatively short history in the sensible atmosphere around the earth. Recent developments have allowed us to extend our operations further away from the earth, approaching the environment popularly known as space. Since there is no dividing line, no natural barrier separating these two areas, there can be no operational boundary between them. Thus air and space comprise a single continuous operational field in which the Air Force must continue to function. This area is aerospace."

In the rest of his short opening statement, General White found eight more occasions to use the word "aerospace." Representative John McCormack immediately grasped the importance of the new word and asked the general when "aerospace" had been coined. "Within the last year and by the Air Force, I am willing to add," White said proudly. McCormack, noting that he was fully aware that the word had originated with the Air Force, told White, "We will see what the future holds as to the term 'aerospace' and the claim for its jurisdiction."

One hundred and seventy-one pages later in the printed hearing, while questioning an Army witness, McCormack returned to the Air Force campaign: "We have heard witnesses from another service use the term 'aerospace.' What service do you think should have overall responsibility for military space activities?" "Well," the Army general replied smoothly, "I have never heard that term before. I always heard 'armospace.'" McCormack brushed the general's little joke aside. "We encountered the word the other day, a very sweet term, a very all-embracing term. As I said to someone, whoever coined it ought to be made a full general."

Following White's appearance before the House committee, the Air Force stepped up the pace of its campaign to make the country aware of aerospace. On April 28, 1959, the Aeromedical Association became the Aerospace Medical Association. On May 15 the Aircraft Industries Association, dominated by the Air Force, decided to change its name to the Aerospace Industries Association. On July 27, the Air Force's Air Policy Division was redesignated the Aerospace Policy Division. On November 14, the Air Force dedicated its Aerospace Medical Center at Brooks Air Force Base, San Antonio. Seven months later, on June 4, 1960, the articles of incorporation were filed in California for the Aerospace Corporation, a new nonprofit organization designed to take over technical control of the Air Force missile program.

In its "Interim Aerospace Terminology Reference," the Air Force laid down its definition of aerospace as an "operationally indivisible medium consisting of the total expanse beyond the earth's surface." This could not remain unchallenged by the other two services, and a later glossary, worked out by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, offered a compromise. Aerospace, this second glossary reported silkily, is "the earth's envelope of atmosphere and the space above it, two separate entities considered as a single realm for activity in launching, guiding, and controlling of vehicles which will travel in both realms."

But the central question—is the region beyond the surface of the earth to be considered a single continuous realm or is it to be considered two distinct spheres?—remains unanswered. The State Department holds that while it is not yet possible to draw a distinct line between a nation's sovereign air space and the international realm, all objects in orbit are beyond national borders—on the high seas, as it were.

Nautical analogies also come naturally to President Kennedy. In February, 1962, following the successful space flight of Colonel Glenn, he said, ". . . this is the new ocean, and I believe the United States must sail on it and be in a position second to none." Some months later, while inspecting a new space installation in Texas, the President again peered into the heavens and saw water:

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"We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained and new rights to be won and used for the progress of all people."

Other members of the President's official family, knowing a good image when they see one, have faithfully followed their captain. James C. Webb, head of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, told a Hartford audience not long ago that no nation has ever made itself master of the ocean in a single day. "Behind the voyage of Christopher Columbus was a long period of effort in naval architecture and the development of skills required to construct an adequate ship. A shakedown cruise was required to perfect it and train the crew and knowledge was required of navigation and weather to enable the mission to succeed."

BUT DESPITE the sailors' effort to conjure up images of silvery space galleons driven by the solar wind, "aerospace" has clearly won its place in the English language, although it must be noted that the new word has not yet found its way into the third edition of Webster's New International, published in 1961. In response to an inquiry, Dr. Philip B. Gove, its editor in chief, explained: "Final proofs on page thirty-four, on which 'aerospace' would fall, were okayed on May 5, 1959, and by the time evidence for including it became impressive, the printing surfaces were frozen, ready for press." Dr. Gove said the word would be added "as soon as manufacturing processes allow."

The word is now almost everywhere. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration advertises itself in the help-wanted sections of the newspapers as the "aerospace center of the free world." The Associated Press reports that on Wall Street "motors and a number of aerospace issues were gainers in an irregular stock market today." And David Boroff, an associate professor of English at New York University, writing in *Harper's* about the new Air Force Academy in Colorado, has informed us, "The celebrated new chapel with its seventeen spires seems less Judeo-Christian than a sacred shrine of aerospace."

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Honeymoon in a Monastery

FRED GRUNFELD

DEYA, MALLORCA

IF THE MEDITERRANEAN had not existed, the Romantics would have had to invent one. They may not have been model tourists, but everyone still remembers their travel adventures in Mediterranean lands—Byron's Greek exploits, Shelley's drowning off the Italian coast, Berlioz losing himself in the Abruzzi, Stendhal falling in love in the most picturesque places, and Frédéric Chopin's interlude in Mallorca with Baronne Dudevant, better known to her readers as George Sand.

In 1838, when they made their daring voyage, fashionable Parisians still thought of Mallorca as *terra incognita;* its very remoteness attracted Sand and afterwards gave her the notion she was dealing with "Polynesian natives." But it proved

The Bettmann Archive

Chopin, sketched by Winterhalter

relatively easy to reach, via Perpignan, and the overnight steamer from Barcelona took only a few hours longer than it does today.

Chopin and Sand planned the trip as a sort of honeymoon in the sight of heaven. It would consolidate their year-old love affair and give them some blessed relief from the malicious gossips of Paris. At thirty-four, Madame Sand was the best-known lady novelist and perhaps the most famous woman in France. She had weathered stormy liaisons with Alfred de Musset and several other men of talent, and because they had turned out badly she took a pessimistic view of mankind. But she was still handsome and had a keen instinct for publicity. Wearing trousers and smoking cigars and pipes, ostensibly to advertise her conviction that every woman has a right to a life of her own, she established an image that boosted her sales and outlives her literary reputation.

She had taken on a young man in need of care, encouragement, and the services of a personal manager. Chopin, at twenty-seven, had never known the pleasures and perplexities of a real love affair. He was a self-made snob, "a musician made for intimacies," as Heine said, a pianist who played so softly that he could be heard properly only in the drawing rooms of the rich. He composed the purest and most private music ever written, and all who knew him agreed that he was "the most sensitive genius in existence." In an era that admired ambiguity, Sand thought of him as "at once tender and severe, chaste and passionate."

THEY STAYED on Mallorca for only three months. The whole episode might have been forgotten had Sand not written an indignant book about their experiences, and had they not set up housekeeping for the last two months in a drafty building that had until recently been the Carthusian monastery of Valldemosa. Lovers in a monastery are surely the quintessence of nineteenth-century Romanticism, and the place where Chopin wrote the Raindrop Prelude has become the most celebrated monk's cell in the world.

When they first arrived in Palma on November 8, 1838, the fair summer weather still held and Chopin thought it was "like certain days

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of June." They could find no apartment in the city. The streets of old Palma are crowded with Renaissance palaces no less spacious than those of the Grand Canal in Venice, and its aristocracy is noted for its hospitality, but most doors remained firmly closed to the baroness-novelist and her ménage.

Their first quarters, therefore, were in a farmhouse half a dozen miles beyond the city walls. Chopin wrote glowingly to his friends about palms, cactuses, olives, pomegranates, and things he had never seen:

"A sky like turquoise, a sea like lapis lazuli, mountains like emerald, air like heaven. Sun all day, and hot: everyone in summer clothing; at night guitars and singing for hours. Huge balconies with grapevines overhead; Moorish walls. Everything looks toward Africa, as the town does. In short, a glorious life."

His description is still valid today. But there is one drawback to the blue skies and the sun worship of Mallorca. Since the natives are accustomed to warm weather about three hundred days a year, they refuse to make any provision for what happens during the remaining sixty-five, when rain pours down, damp cold rolls in from the sea, and winds howl over the mountains.

The only heat in the rented farmhouse of "Son Vent" came from charcoal braziers whose fumes irritated Chopin's lungs. When the rains came early in December, it grew unbearably damp, and he fell seriously ill. Three doctors from Palma called it consumption, a diagnosis that Sand blindly refused to accept. But the neighbors feared infection and the landlord abruptly asked them to leave. They took up their quarters in the abandoned monastery at Valldemosa, fifteen miles from Palma.

Earlier, in fair weather, they had visited and fallen in love with its "sea, mountains, palms, a cemetery, a crusaders' church, ruined mosques, ancient trees, olives a thousand years old." It was the ideal trysting place, a superb setting for Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music or Schumann's *Papillons,* but suited best of all to the preludes and nocturnes that Chopin proceeded to write there.

The Carthusian sanctuary sits on a hilltop that in itself forms a seven-league steppingstone to the mountains that enclose it on three sides. The flower gardens adjoining the cells command a sweeping view of a valley whose terraced orchards reminded Sand of "an amphitheatre hewn for fights between giants." A small patch of the Mediterranean gleams through an opening in the mountains.

Life in a monk's cell, as lived by Sand and Chopin, is hard to imagine. The picture that usually emerges resembles a movie scenario:

The Bettmann Archive

Sand, sketched by Alfred de Musset

the weather turned from fair to foul, rain pattering on the roof, Chopin ill and coughing, Sand cramped and miserable. But the cell, in fact, was as big as a house. The Carthusians were generous architects, and supplied each friar with a four-room apartment facing on a large garden of his own.

IT WAS NOT, as Chopin called it, "a huge old ruined monastery." The main buildings dated from the previous century and were in excellent shape; there were only enough ruins to make it picturesque, remnants of the fourteenth century and of a castle that had belonged to the short-lived dynasty of Mallorcan kings. The monks themselves had been expelled and their property expropriated by a government decree only a couple of years earlier. There had been twelve monks and their abbot with some lay helpers, in a building large enough "to house an army corps." Chopin, who normally had a good deal of sympathy for fellow refugees, wrote blithely that the place had been "cleared of monks as if especially for me." But there were others of whom Valldemosa could not be cleared. Sand, hoping to reconcile the conflicting demands of love, literature, and motherhood, had seen fit to take along her ten-year-old daughter, Solange, and her fifteen-year-old son, Maurice, who had barely recovered from a long bout of rheumatism. The French maid assigned to look after them was "not very strong" and never succeeded in keeping the children from disturbing Chopin.

Then too, the surrounding village had not been cleared of *its* inhabitants; there followed the classic conflict between Latins and northern tourists, usually resolved only by liberal applications of the latter's money. In the first place, while a French village might have tolerated Sand's unholy occupation of a monastery where the scent of incense still lingered, the strait-laced Mallorcans were scandalized. They hardly knew what to make of the strange Frenchwoman who rolled her own cigarettes, drank endless cups of coffee, slept all day, wrote all night, and—though she would not have had far to walk—never went to church.

Sand, who could not have gone unnoticed in a crowd on the Place Vendôme, was totally out of her element in Valldemosa. She dressed Solange in pants in a neighborhood where girls even now may not attend school in sleeveless dresses. She had trouble buying the beef and veal they were accustomed to, but turned up her nose at such native delicacies as cuttlefish and *porcella,* which is a gourmet's dish of roast suckling pig. Valldemosa produces the purest unrefined olive oil; Sand called it "rancid." The peasants perform high-stepping dances like those of Aragon and sing undulating chants that date back to the Middle Ages; Sand thought them "uncivilized." She indicted the good-natured, honest Mallorcan farmer as a man who "cheats, extorts, lies, insults and plunders without the least twinge of conscience. For him a foreigner is not a human being. Never would he rob an olive from a countryman, but people from abroad exist in God's design only in order to bring profits

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to the Mallorcans." Most of the people they dealt with spoke only Mallorquín, a gnarled branch of the Catalan language; she had to make herself understood in French or kitchen Spanish. Worse yet, some boys threw rocks at her Maurice while he was doing some sketches of the monastery.

IN HER combination exposé and guidebook, published two years after their stay, Sand told how she and her "family"—Chopin is never mentioned by name—were cheated, misused, and stoned by the conniving natives. The Mallorcans took it all in bad part, and one local writer replied that she was "immoral and obscene." Copies of her libelous work, however, are now prominently displayed in every souvenir shop on the island. In the English-language bookshop one may find an English translation by Robert Graves, the English poet who makes his home in Mallorca; his footnotes are severely critical of Sand, and here and in other essays he offers some interesting guesses about the two months in the monastery.

For those two months, during the long winter nights, Chopin and Sand had time to contemplate the ghosts that might still be walking the hallways of their monastery. Even Sand, normally self-possessed and defiantly rational, confessed to feeling delicious shivers of anxiety whenever she crossed the deserted courtyard at night. Chopin, she said, felt the place was full of "phantoms"; in the music he was writing "the shades of dead monks seem to rise and pass before the listener in a solemn and gloomy funeral pomp. . . ." Her daughter Solange, it is said, dressed up in a monk's robe just to drive home the point for Chopin. Graves calls the child's behavior "treacherous scheming" and charges that she "secretly tormented" the poor composer. According to Graves, Chopin's dark fantasies, stimulated by the little girl's masquerades, may have caused him then and there to end the sexual part of his relationship with Sand; he must have been overcome with religious remorse for living in sin with a freethinker on such hallowed ground.

"Did he perhaps feel," Graves asked rhetorically, "that the villagers'

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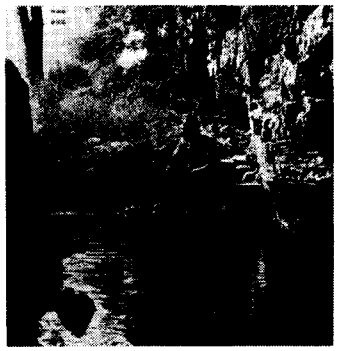

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moral censure was, after all, deserved, and that the very monks were rising out of their graves to warn him of his impending death and damnation—unless he repented? Did he, thereupon, seek out a priest and make his penitent confession in Latin? And did the priest answer that his only hope of salvation, if he could not do without George, was to live like a brother with her for the rest of his life—meanwhile trying to save her soul and that of her children?" The fact is—quite apart from whether ten-year-old Solange was capable of such complicated plots—the sexual estrangement between Chopin and Sand must have begun a year after Mallorca and was initiated by the lady for the sake of her lover's health. As she explained it: "He complains of me that I have killed him by deprivation, while I was certain that I should have killed him by acting otherwise."

IN ANY EVENT, Chopin knew how to play his scenes in the deserted monastery to the hilt like an old tragedian, without a little girl's help. Sand speaks of finding him alone and frightened at the piano one night, looking as though he had seen a ghost, "pale, with wild, troubled eyes, his hair nearly standing on end." Another time she found him in tears "while he played his wonderful Prelude." She had been out late on a stormy night and he had imagined them all dead, even himself—"drowned in a lake, with heavy drops of icy water falling evenly on his breast." Helpfully, Sand suggested the cause of his delirium: "I made him listen to the sound of the drops that were actually falling rhythmically on the roof."

Of course the idea infuriated Chopin, who had no wish to see his phantasmagoric lake turned into a workaday rain barrel. Some years ago a Mallorcan, Luis Ripoll, made the startling discovery that rain cannot be heard dripping on the roof from within the monastery—but perhaps they heard the spattering on the paving stones of the garden. What is more disturbing is that neither the so-called Raindrop Prelude, built up on a pounding D Flat in the bass, nor the other possible candidates for the title, in B Minor and F Sharp Minor, sound remotely like rain falling on anything, not even like a dripping faucet. Perhaps, after all the excitement, the "wonderful Prelude" of that oft-quoted rainy evening was never put on paper. We cannot be certain. This is what comes of lovers moving into a monastery, like characters in a Gothic novel: the legends multiply, the ghosts live on, the echoes linger.

MOST of the twenty-four Preludes of Chopin's Opus 28 were composed in France, but he revised the whole magnificent series while on Mallorca. He did an amazing amount of work at the monastery, turning out piano pieces at about the rate of two a week, including such masterworks as the F Major Ballade. Sand too covered sheet after sheet of foolscap with material for a new novel and revisions of another. In that respect these proto-tourists differed from the multitudes of visitors who come to Mallorca each year. They worked—as did Byron and Berlioz, Stendhal and Shelley, and the others of that original southward migration—despite all the hindrances that man or nature could contrive to place in their path. They found time to read, to write, to tell each other stories, to sing, to send off long letters, to explore the countryside on foot and in mule carts: how in the world was it possible without such laborsaving devices as the tourist guide and the plexidome bus?

In a midwinter letter to Paris, Chopin brushed aside all the petty irritations as mere "grains of sand, when one has this sky, this poetry that everything breathes here, this coloring of the most exquisite places, color not yet faded by men's eyes. No one has yet frightened away the eagles that soar every day above our heads!"

The worst part of their adventure was the homeward voyage in February. Chopin was coughing blood when he boarded the packet steamer after a long, bumpy cart ride to Palma. During the trip his condition became worse, but with the help of a French doctor in Barcelona he improved. He sailed on to Marseilles and toured Italy two months later. That summer he could report from Nohant, Sand's country estate: "We are happy as children."

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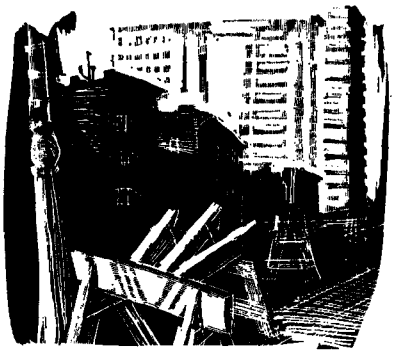

Confession

MARK GUTZLER

TO: THE UNITED STATES ADVISORY BOARD FOR LITERARY EXCELLENCE

After the public chastisement so rightly administered to me by USABLE, I feel it imperative to make a full and open apology to your distinguished body and to the American people for any and all unwitting deviations I have made from the true direction of American writing as established with such brilliance and foresight by the independent coterie of scholars, critics, writers, and publishers who decide what is good and what is bad in this country.

With a heavy heart and a cleansed spirit, I accept the new critical standards of the day and confess to the following sins against literary worth as defined by USABLE.

The first sin was committed not by me but by my parents, who failed to belong to an oppressed minority, who lived in middle-class comfort in an urban section without literary value, being neither in slum nor in ghetto, and neither in the South nor in the Middle West, and who held each other in mutual respect as long as they lived. It has been a source of continuing anguish to me as a writer that their kind of life, if indeed it can be called such, produced none of the festering hatreds which alone give experience and, to the written account of experience, validity. USABLE has rightly accused me of fostering a personality cult: that is, of giving the impression in my writings that some persons are good, or noble. I know now that this is not so and that we are all equally vile. My parents were vile in denying this.

They were responsible also, unfortunately, for the fact that my adolescence was neither particularly painful nor confused, and therefore not worth chronicling. I had, of course, trouble with my skin and the usual stirrings of sex, but I remember being very happy fishing alone, mountain climbing, and cataloguing rock specimens. I also played the flute, an offensively pure instrument. None of this, I now see, is suitable background for a serious writer.

I FURTHER CONFESS with shame to a long apprenticeship in the art and craft of writing. That this is a weakening and perverting experience I now, to my sorrow, admit. To quote USABLE's indictment: "Knowledge of the structure and use of language can produce a graceful style wholly incongruous to the realities of the present and, what is worse, can give the reader a simple pleasure incompatible with the recognition of true art." I was led astray in my youth by the sinful love of words and a slavish attention to the so-called masters of literature of the past. My writing has therefore been progressively sapped of the qualities of accident and error that give strength and importance to the best of contemporary writing. In a misguided attempt, moreover, to perfect the skill of communicating clearly to others, I have sacrificed that priceless ingredient of true talent: obscurity. As USABLE stated, clarity bears the stigma of order, and order is the enemy of the natural state of man, chaos. The true writer reflects chaos.

The reviewers of my verse—who, of course, were members of USABLE—brought this out some time ago in criticizing what one of them described as "the triviality of the explicit," complaining that the use of rhyme, meter, and humor automatically removed it from important consideration. Again, it was felt that the public was seduced (hence cheated) by the ease of reading and understanding. At the time, I felt this judgment was unjust; now I know it to be painfully correct. In the future I will make comprehension as difficult as possible in the hopes of being praised by the critics if not read by the public. I fear I have favored the latter at the expense of the former.

I confess further to a grievous sin of omission: lack of symbolism. My writing, except in rare instances of innocent accident, has been on one level instead of two. This is because I have kept shamefully aloof from other writers whose symbols I could share, thus exiling myself from that intergroup dialogue which USABLE rightly calls the Literary Core. I admit also to not knowing enough symbols, possibly the result of intellectual impoverishment through ignorance of faculty conversations and academic reviews.

Of all USABLE's charges against me, perhaps the most serious is the use of restraint and moderation. I now realize that the damning presence of these inhibitors in my work is the result of cowardice and, worse, of taste. A thorough examination of my collected writings revealed only six four-letter words and two consummations of the sex act, and concerning the latter, the examiners noted grave omissions of detail that were subsequently filed under the heading "Evasion of Reality." Under this same heading I have been accused of failing to deal with incest, perversion, addiction, prostitution, and rape. It is to my eternal regret that my life circumstances did not happen to involve me directly with any of these acts and conditions. My pitifully meager lot was to have been educated in sex by a pleasant older woman and to have been married to the same wife for fifteen years. In

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my own defense, however, I must state categorically that I am very fond of liquor and have been known to pass out on various occasions, one of them particularly disgusting.

In general, the omission of repulsive or clinically sexual detail in my works has been due to a belief—mistaken, I now know—that something should be left to the imagination of the reader. USABLE's strictures have made me realize that this is in fact a public disservice, since what the reader imagines is worse than any reality and therefore potentially more damaging, psychologically and emotionally, than the printed word.

USABLE accuses me of deliberately avoiding the revived form of fiction called picaresque, in which wild or wildly comic episodes succeed each other for five or six hundred pages with no discernible point except the exuberance of the author. My failure to be picaresque is not intentional. Rather, I fear, it is a combination of chronic lassitude and, once more, that sterile compulsion toward form and organization which has, more than anything, caused me such public humiliation at the hands of my critics.

It may interest USABLE to learn, however, that my next book will concern the adventures of two midgets, one fund raiser, three dictators, and fourteen whores working in an imaginary Alliance for Progress. I have no idea how it will come out.

Against USABLE's final charge—that, since no writer more than forty years old can presume to be hailed as a "talent," I have no literary future—I can muster no defense. It is quite understandable that important critics concern themselves more with promise than performance, since praise of the former is less onerous than judgment of the latter. My new book, *Naked Belch,* promises to be very promising.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the United States Advisory Board for Literary Excellence for showing me my grievous errors and lighting a new path toward creative value. I am a new man, and a new writer.

Humbly yours,
MARK GUTZLER
(Formerly known as
Marya Mannes)

BOOKS

Two Masters of Modern Art

HERBERT READ

ROUAULT, by Pierre Courthion. *Harry N. Abrams. $30.*

MIRO, by Jacques Dupin. *Harry N. Abrams. $35.*

These two gigantic volumes belong to a well-known series of internationally produced art books which already includes similar volumes devoted to Picasso, Klee, Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Jackson Pollock. The quality of production is uniformly high, and the texts, though not always displaying equally high literary qualities, are authoritative.

There are perhaps one or two preliminary observations to make on this type of art book. It is a unique phenomenon in the history of art: never before have artists received, in their lifetime or shortly after their deaths, such a wealth of presentation and documentation. It could be argued that the prospect is too short—that distance would have lent, if not disenchantment, at least a certain sobriety or economy to a critical view of these modern masters. But that would be to ignore the economics of the situation—there exists an immediate interest, even excitement, that creates a demand for such volumes. A new public has arisen that, since it cannot afford the huge prices that the paintings themselves fetch in the market, finds compensation in these large, luxurious volumes of reproductions. Thirty dollars is perhaps a large sum to pay for a *book;* but it is a trifle compared to the cost of one original painting or drawing by one of these artists. And the substitute, if it is as accurate and colorful as it is in these volumes, does give substantial aesthetic delight.

It must be admitted that the work of artists varies in reproducibility. It is a question of scale: Mondrian and Pollock suffer because the necessary reduction of their large canvases affects the appropriate aesthetic response; Klee and Miró hardly suffer at all, for not only is there less disparity between the sizes of the originals and of the reproductions, but the subjects themselves are usually of an intimate nature. The work of Klee especially does not differ essentially in scale from the book illuminations of the Middle Ages.

Scholars and connoisseurs will assert that nevertheless the whole business is deplorable, in that it feeds back to the sensibility of the artist, who will now tend to paint pictures with a view to reproductions; and since subtleties of tonality and texture are still beyond the technical skill of the book manufacturer, there will be a general lowering of the aesthetic qualities of the art. A few years ago we used to complain that artists were painting with an eye on the wide-open expanses of the public gallery, and that they were losing in subtlety what they gained in size. There was some truth in the judgment, but one has only to think of Titian or Rubens to realize that the fault lay in the limitations of the

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modern painter and not in the dimensions of the canvas. Even if it is true that painters will now begin to paint with reproduction in mind, we should not necessarily deplore the change: it constitutes a challenge to the artist and, like all such challenges, may elicit a response that justifies itself aesthetically. There are also social considerations, indicated by André Malraux in his conception of a "museum without walls," but again these do not necessarily involve any sacrifice of quality. One might as well accuse the poet of lowering his quality to meet the needs of the printing press. I am well aware of the danger of too much publicity in any sphere of the arts, but it is not peculiar to our age.

The simultaneous publication of these two volumes gives the critic an opportunity for comparative criticism, but before I indulge in that, I should give some account of each work. The Rouault volume has 832 illustrations, including forty-nine plates in full-color gravures. Pierre Courthion, the author, has had the advantage of the collaboration of Mlle. Isabelle Rouault, the painter's daughter and artistic executor, who has helped to prepare the classified catalogue. This illustrated and annotated list does not include the works reproduced in the preceding pages of the volume itself, and is arranged not chronologically but in rather arbitrary categories. It is not clear whether it is meant to be definitive—Rouault certainly painted more than the 832 works listed; at the time of his death there were no less than 819 unsigned, unfinished works stocked in the house of his dealer, Ambrose Vollard. These were the subject of a lawsuit with Vollard's heirs, and were eventually restored to Rouault's heirs. But by that time 119 paintings were missing, and most of these, presumably, are floating around with forged signatures.

ROUAULT was an anomalous painter in the sense that although he is usually placed among the "moderns" he was a religious and specifically Christian painter in an age of skepticism or disbelief, and in all his ideals, motivations, and even techniques looked back to the Middle Ages for his inspiration. He was born in 1871 and remained all his life a Parisian, a "wan child of the suburban districts of toil and pain." But his father, a cabinetmaker, was a Breton, and his sensibility was specifically northern and even Gothic. Rouault himself said, "I am made of Breton granite, which is resistant." He received his essential training in the school of Gustave Moreau, a painter of mystical and symbolic tendencies, and his early works are strongly influenced by the style of this master. Then he was drawn to Rembrandt—"Rouault fairly worshipped Rembrandt," M. Courthion tells us, and mentions, in an unfortunate mistranslation, his admiration "for the painter of *The Flayed Beef*" (*The Flayed Ox*). A painting of 1894 reproduced in color, *The Child Jesus Among the Doctors*, is a direct imitation of the chiaroscuro of the Dutch master.

Then about 1902 there came a violent change, which seems to have been produced by the reading of a book by Léon Bloy. On March 16, 1904, Bloy wrote in his diary: "I am told that Gustave Moreau's pupil, the painter Georges Rouault, is enthusiastic about me. When he found in Moreau's library a copy of *La Femme Pauvre* which I had sent with the inscription: 'To Gustave Moreau to avenge him for M. Folantin,' this book left a wound in his heart from which he will never recover. I tremble at the thought of the punishment reserved for the poor wretch." Bloy had written about the Middle Ages, Byzantium, and "holy poverty" (which he practiced). " 'One of God's witnesses, he hoped that the martyrdom to which he aspired would be a bloody one. He felt that he was a voice of all those who are abandoned or oppressed by the modern world, and that it was his mission to interpret their lasting lament.' "

Rouault got to know Bloy and the meeting was decisive. Rouault became and remained all his life a disciple of this strange gloomy Catholic who brooded on "the interminable postponements of Justice and the apparent inefficiency of the Redemption." Writer and painter shared the same vision of reality, apparently terribly and relentlessly sordid. Both were drawn to the Middle Ages, "with its gallows and basilicas, its shadows and gory blades, its prayers and sobbing, which for a thousand years had taken upon its shoulders as much as it could possibly bear of the weight of the immense Cross."

There is really little else to say by way of interpreting Rouault's art. We may follow his career from this time on to his death in 1958 at the age of eighty-seven; but although there is a certain spiritual development, reflected in the change from the bitter realism of the early period, when he painted prostitutes and clowns in all their degradation, to the serener acceptance of salvation and redemption in the last twenty years of his life, and although this development is accompanied by a change in technique from a direct, brutal, and cursive brush stroke to a jewel-like intensity of the encrusted surface (he mixed many materials) —"a mosaic-like vision of intense vibration," as M. Courthion calls it—the general and cumulative effect is the same, an act of prayer.

WE TURN to Miró and find an entirely different world of sensibility and style. It is as though we had emerged from the somber glory of some southern Gothic cathedral, dark but glowing with the intense color of its stained-glass windows, into a fairyland full of flowers and birds and butterflies in which some gay carnival is being enacted. The appearance is deceptive, but the immediate contrast with the world of Rouault could not be stronger.

Again the volume is authoritative. Jacques Dupin is associated with the Galerie Maeght, Miró's dealers in Paris, and has had the full co-operation of the artist himself. In this volume there are no less than 1,158 illustrations, including forty-six in full color. This time the illustrated catalogue is chronological and usually includes the paintings illustrated in the next text (it is difficult to understand why there are some exceptions—for example, the paintings illustrated on pages 547 and 551). The superb bibliography has been compiled by that prince of bibliographers, Bernard Karpel of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and the translation is by one of the few aces of the profession, Norbert Guterman. It is difficult to

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find faults in the volume. I have discovered only one: the two illustrations made specially for the volume by Miró are not, as announced in the Foreword, on pages 474 and 475, but are presumably those on pages 486 and 487.

MIRO was born twenty-two years later than Rouault, and thus belongs to another generation. This alone would account for decisive differences in the style and content of their paintings. But there are more fundamental differences. Miró is a southerner, and though he has had to make regular pilgrimages to Paris, the Mecca of all modern artists, he has always returned to Spain, his native country. Moreover, he is essentially a countryman, devoted to the soil and to local folklore traditions; and in spite of its deeper significances, his work has a gaiety in strong contrast to the solemnity of Rouault's.

Such differences are no doubt temperamental, even constitutional, as is the different attitude of these painters toward the materials of their craft. Rouault began as a craftsman, and it might be suggested that there was always a certain craft element in his work (for example, his addiction to decorating his frames, and giving his paintings the general character of religious icons). But Miró had real difficulty in handling paint in a painterly manner, and never seems to have mastered the art of creating a three-dimensional illusion. In 1938 he could write: "In so far as possible I would like to get beyond easel painting, which in my opinion pursues a petty aim, and find ways of getting closer, in terms of painting, to the broad mass of human beings who have always been in my thoughts." M. Dupin suggests that "He longs to reach a larger public and give it creative guidance, in the streets and market places of his own times; he wants to restore to the artist the specifically social function he has lost." To this end Miró has devoted himself more and more in recent years to pottery and prints, to mural painting and monumental projects. But of course his characteristic art remains pictorial. It is never abstract, though in some instances, as in the series of paintings on Ingres paper made between 1931 and 1933, it is difficult to identify the motif (for example, the *Torso of a Nude Woman,* 1931, in the Arensburg Collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art).

To characterize the typical work of Miró one would have to enter into a somewhat detailed discussion of surrealism. Though Miró was never what one might call a polemicist, he is probably the most essentially surrealist among all the painters who have been associated with the movement. If we may define surrealism as the art of the unconscious (this needs qualifying, for there are various levels of the unconscious), then we may distinguish those who rely on shock techniques, like Max Ernst and Dali, whose work is deliberately fantastic, and those like Arp and Masson, whose work is wholly spontaneous. Miró has been close to Arp in his development, though I agree with M. Dupin that there is little question of direct influence—merely confirmation in a way that Miró had independently chosen. The relationship to Masson is much closer, and since these two partners were to have a decisive influence on the emergent school of American "action painting," it is of great interest.

From 1922 to 1927, Masson and Miró had studios in the same house in Paris, and they have been close friends for many years. But the influences that they exchanged (for there was no question of one-sided dominance) were literary or philosophical rather than plastic. No. 45, rue Blomet was a place where young poets and writers met to exchange views with the painters. Masson, we are told, "frequented anarchist circles, read Nietzsche and the poets with exultation and threw himself into his painting, his friendships and his drinking habits with the same frenzy." Miró's studio, on the other hand, was famous for its painstaking, almost alarming tidiness. Even in his dress Miró was always impeccable, and "combined English elegance with Catalan correctness." But these details are of only anecdotal interest; what is important is that these two painters read and discussed not only Nietzsche and Novalis but Heraclitus and Heidegger, the poetry of Baudelaire and Rimbaud, the mystical writings of St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa of Avila. During the First World War, when he was exiled in Mallorca, Miró discovered the affinities of music, and the works of Bach and Mozart had a profound influence on his development. The only painter who had any marked influence on Miró is Paul Klee, whom he discovered in 1924, and it is significant that Klee also had a passion for music, and for the philosophy of Heraclitus, Novalis, and Nietzsche.

IT WILL BE SEEN, therefore, that it would be superficial to contrast Rouault and Miró on spiritual or religious grounds. Both are painters with a sense of metaphysical values, though such values may be contrasted as Christian and cosmic—it is difficult to find the right word for a *natural* mystic like Miró, for according to M. Dupin he renounces "the whole Western humanist tradition." "Cosmic" is M. Dupin's word, but M. Dupin's own explanation suggests that "pantheistic" might be more appropriate. "For Miró, nature is a totality of which he is an integral part, like a tree or a fish. He does not stand in front of nature—not, that is, outside it. He is within it, and he must make an effort to achieve what he calls 'mental tension' before he can get sufficiently 'outside' it to dominate it. A certain distance is to him indispensable to the creative act, but he does not go *toward* nature, he emanates *from* it. That is why his vision of things is so immediate; he is approaching them for the first time, at the very moment of their birth. This is why all things communicate to him the same wonder, the wonder of first encounter—what he himself calls 'a shock.' "

Only Klee among modern painters gives this same sense of wonder and of that cosmic totality—"motion and rest, continuous metamorphosis" that is a movement "implacably governed by laws of organic life and number." Other painters (and certainly sculptors like Arp and Moore) have contributed to this radical transformation of the purpose of art, but Miró and Klee have a special authority because they alone have been able to approach the world of things with a vision that is at once innocent and profoundly revealing.

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The Book Burners

FRED M. HECHINGER

THE CENSORS AND THE SCHOOLS, by Jack Nelson and Gene Roberts, Jr. *Little, Brown. $4.50.*

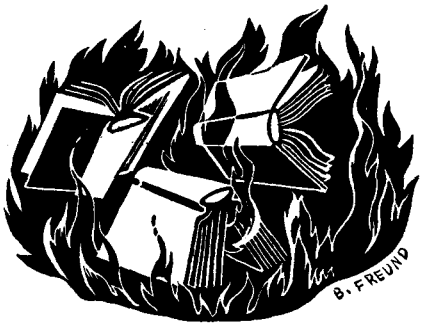
It is part of human nature to wish to censor what appears offensive, dangerous, or merely unpleasant. It is part of political maturity to stifle that desire. In the early 1930's, the Florida Chamber of Commerce complained because a geography textbook contained more pictures of California than of Florida. In the Middle West, more recently, a well-intentioned lady started a campaign against Robin Hood who, by taking from the rich and giving to the poor, seemed to her a Marxist in disguise. On Long Island, a social-studies teacher cut out of the school library books all references to "bundling" in a discussion of courtship in colonial days, thus aiming at being more Puritan than the Puritans and, at the same time, advocating the mutilation of books. And in Los Angeles, a Hearst newspaper not long ago started a crusade against an allegedly subversive music book because it contained a "ditty from behind the Iron Curtain." The offensive song, "Swing the Shining Sickle," turned out to be an American harvest song, vintage 1897, leaving the newspaper sleuths' faces somewhat redder than their target.

These are only a few examples of the collection of censorship stories interspersed in *The Censors and the Schools* by two expert newspapermen, Jack Nelson and Gene Roberts, Jr., who started their research as Nieman Fellows at Harvard during 1961 and 1962. The comic cases are mere window dressing. They have their point: one way to defeat the censors is to laugh them out of court—and sometimes this can be done, as for instance when the Girl Scout Handbook came under suspicion of being infiltrated by subversion.

In reality, of course, censorship is not funny. Even though it may often be motivated by understandable human instincts to protect the young and offer instant security in an insecure world, political and educational freedoms depend largely on the success in taming such busybody instincts.

THE PROCESS of taming the censors and preventing them from tearing and burning books is a continuous one. When the political climate is poisoned, as it was during the McCarthy era of the early 1950's, the only hope is in open battle against totalitarians posing as protectors. It was then that even a man so generally unconcerned about literary and intellectual issues as General Eisenhower was moved to an eloquent ad lib against book burning in an address at Dartmouth College.

Open attacks on books are generally made more obnoxious because they attract unscrupulous charlatans who consider the defense



of free enterprise to mean largely the protection of their own enterprising freedom to make a fast buck out of hate campaigns. Allen A. Zoll, who adorned his lucrative academic career with a doctorate purchased from a diploma mill, was the classic example. A graduate of earlier profiteering through anti-Semitic pro-fascism, he scared membership dollars out of panicky homeowners and the medically uninformed. Less mercenary were the motives of a publication known as the *Educational Reviewer,* which sounded shrill alarms about alleged subversion in textbooks. (Today, similar efforts in the textbook field are being carried on by America's Future, Inc., which has among its textbook-reviewing staff three editors of the monthly publication of Robert Welch.) The *Reviewer,* like censors throughout history, employed as its favorite technique the use of "selective" or edited quotations.

In attacking one of the favorite targets of textbook censors, the high-school text on *American Government* by Frank A. Magruder, the *Educational Reviewer* charged that it advocated collectivism. The proof was this quotation: "By Democracy we mean that form of government in which the sovereign power is in the hands of the people collectively." The trouble with this "example" was that it placed a period where there had been a comma, followed by: "and is expressed by them either directly or indirectly through elected representatives."

But although the censors' means are often shady, their battle vicious, and their aims totalitarian, I suspect that the most serious aspect of the problem is not in the examples of open combat but in the more subtle censorship that works beneath the surface. It is in the documentation of that hidden danger that this book offers the most vital service. For it seems to me that the outright defense of freedom should quite naturally be expected to be a continuing story. True, some of the skirmishes are extremely unsavory, and reputations tend to be smeared in the process. Worse, some of these skirmishes are lost by the defenders of freedom, and there remain many communities and even entire regions that appear to love their censors more than their liberty. But dangerous as those islands of totalitarianism may be, they are at least identifiable.

THE INVISIBLE POISONS in the system, on the other hand, are hardly noticeable. For example, the fact that most high-school history textbooks refer only to the War Between the States—that South-pleasing euphemism—is a pretty sure indication that it would be naïve to expect a truly honest discussion of the Civil War in books that aim at being "adopted" for mass distribution in the South.

For a long time, textbook publishers who, not unlike automobile manufacturers, were out to capture a maximum share of the market in the competition for book adoption, demonstrated their panic by the way in which they replied to even the most illiterate charges. One large textbook house was confronted with

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 79

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) *Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.*
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A
130 14 118 144 212 34 Snuggle; nestle.

B
31 22 30 120 122 "But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side / To the gallows-foot — and_____!" Kipling, "The Thousandth Man."

C
180 13 100 8 46 142 188 106 "_____ it with hearts of controversy." Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar."

D
38 48 84 195 "What can ennoble_____, or slaves, or cowards?" Pope, "An Essay on Man."

E
112 98 184 202 128 42 "Still to the lowly soul / He doth Himself _____." John Keble, "The Purification."

F
2 196 24 224 204 Encouraged.

G
3 92 82 104 168 "*I recollect an acquaintance* saying to me that 'the Oriel Common Room _____ of Logic.'" Newman, "History of My Religious Opinions from 1839."

H
60 96 108 166 210 214 The universe conceived as an orderly and harmonious system.

I
16 222 192 126 134 178 "A fellow that hath had _____; and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him." Shakespeare, "Much Ado About Nothing."

J
213 58 181 223 Craving eagerly.

K
218 45 12 114 4 "Now God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour, / And caught our_____, and wakened us from sleeping." Rupert Brooke, "Peace."

1	2 F	3 G	4 K	5	6	■	8 C	■	10	11	12 K	13	14 A	15	
16 I	■	■	■	20	21	22	23	24 F	25	26	■	■	■	30 B	
31 B	■	33	34 A	35	36	■	38 D	■	40	41	42 E	43	■	45 K	
46 C	■	48 D	■	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	■	58 J	■	60 H	
61	62	63	64	■	66	67	68	69	70	■	72	73	74	75	
76	77	78	79	80	■	82 G	■	84 D	■	86	87	88	89	90	
■	92 G	■	94	95	96 H	97	98 E	99	100 C	101	102	■	104 G	■	
106 C	107	108 H	109	110	■	112 E	■	114 K	■	116	117	118 A	119	120 B	
■	122 B	■	124	125	126 I	127	128 E	129	130 A	131	132	■	134 I	■	
136	137	138	139	140	■	142 C	■	144 A	■	146	147	148	149	150	
151	152	153	154	■	156	157	158	159	160	■	162	163	164	165	
166 H	■	168 G	■	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	■	178 I	■	180 C	
181 J	■	183	184 E	185	186	■	188 C	■	190	191	192 I	193	■	195 D	
196 F	■	■	■	200	201	202 E	203	204 F	205	206	■	■	■	210 H	
211	212 A	213 J	214 H	215	216	■	218 K	■	220	221	222 I	223 J	224 F	225	

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ACROSS

1. Quiet in its lure and hence more succulent.
10. This Roman was dear to Barrie but an ancient chronicle to us.
20. The émigré who takes a fee to urge a change.
33. A star gave light.
40. Grafted in heraldry and in recent examples of art.
50. Here the trees are in rows and there's a rod over the arch.
61. Sail away from troubles.
66. With diffidence keep quiet and hear the wise about fifty.
72. Dress the floor.
76. Cuts born on board, perhaps.
86. Some planes are so made with a 190.
94. One more between one short street and another makes it most inclement.
106. Go all the way around the curve to get the gypsum.
116. Cut the marsh grass around the edges.
124. Teaches sailors and others and is especially strict with the USN.
136. Does Jo have a yen to have the use of it?
146. Rob the least.
151. Spend a French Christmas in a Spanish kingdom.
156. Convenes to the ear but measures to the hand.
162. A business transaction in universal elements.
170. Stops the tides around the ship.
183. This poem gives no sound alternative to price.
190. This girl stood up.
200. South Carolina and part of Alabama now create a cause célèbre.
211. Ask about after Alabama and get 50 in the list that Alabama heads.
220. We do no alteration of what is stolid.

DOWN

1. A small substitute for beasts of burden.
5. Hesitant to go and therefore in Latin.
6. Brings up the backs.
8. Sentimental, soft, and yielding, but not calm in musical hymn.
10. Mellowed, muddled, or maudlin (maybe with rye).
11. Tear apart or terminate.
15. K Street Company's investments.
33. Make a grand slam and love it.
43. For this and this eternally.
52. Philanthropies that make a rich site...
54. ...reaching the heights entitled USA.
62. A trainee gaining clinical experience and sounding in a series.
64. The meeting makes a considerable noise on board.
72. He hears the examinations mentioned and hates it.
74. Harden on ice in France with a glance at love.
80. *Very hard indeed in the best* onyx.
86. Little helpers see the donkey go down the street backward (Abbr.).
136. I'm in a real city in New York.
138. In France I get around all right, but it's a laughing matter.
148. You hear vowels but see the rest.
150. What the Acrostician could give in boxing; no more; no less.
156. A hundred came where millions go on pilgrimage.
158. Tea in New York is also claptrap.
160. This material for houses was right up the wolf's alley.
170. Kids make a round flat lid of it.
176. Capital disturbed and left alone.

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the "charge" that a "line count of the index" showed Republican Presidents to be given less space than Democrats. (Line counting is one of the stock yardsticks of the censors—a kind of textbook version of the equal-time theory of television.) The accommodating reply, matching the attack in foolishness, was that Lincoln, Coolidge, and Hoover were single-term Presidents while Wilson served two terms and Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected to four.

To the charge that the books of another firm fail to make it clear "that the government of the United States is a republic, not a democracy" —one of the chestnuts of the extreme Right, which would rather have totalitarianism replace popular government anyway—a serious "reply" offers this justification: the word "republic" does not appear in the Constitution. By way of further apology, the publishers said that the fault was with the compilers of the index, who failed to pick up the term "republic" even though it actually appeared on three pages.

And who made the "charges" that moved the publishers to apologetic replies? E. Merrill Root, a professor of English who has figured as censor-in-chief in many textbook battles, had been hired by the Mississippi legislature as an expert to investigate textbook subversion, and had been called by an Illinois legislative committee to testify on a textbook-censorship bill. An indication of the kind of books that would satisfy Professor Root is available in his own words. He has said that he believes "Kennedy and his administration are even softer on Communism than Eisenhower was." He thinks that if Jefferson were alive today, he "would be a member of the John Birch Society" because he was "against taxes and coercive control by the central government." And, consistent throughout, Root describes the John Birch Society as "one of the most consecrated and anti-Communist groups we have" and Robert Welch as a man of "great wisdom and courage." Yet Root merits the fearful consideration of at least two major textbook publishers.

Of course, the final blame must be borne by the school authorities. Textbook publishers can make a good case for the fact that theirs are commercial enterprises and that it is not their job to be more courageous than the educators. If academic freedom is important, then it must be lost or won by the academic world, in this case the school boards, either on the state or local level.

It is here that much of the battle is fought behind the scenes, and often, as *The Censors and the Schools* documents, there is not much of a battle at all. For instance, one textbook firm "offered" to the Texas Textbook Committee the deletion from its books of any "controversial" names.

The Silver Burdett Company is reported by the Messrs. Nelson and Roberts to have made substantial modifications in a geography text, *The American Continents*. Apparently the statement that "Today, other countries help us in protecting our land against possible attack," in a discussion of radar installations, was considered not sufficiently America-minded. In the next edition it was changed to: "With radar we can quickly detect the approach of enemy aircraft or missiles."

For similar reasons, the statement that "The United States sometimes finds it difficult to agree with its neighbors . . . Nor do other countries always agree with us" was "Americanized" so as to leave no doubt where, in any possible disagreement, the fault would have to be sought. Now it reads: "The people of some nations have forms of government different from ours. Often they do not enjoy the same freedom and opportunity as our people."

There is no easy answer to such creeping censorship—especially since, more often than not, the agreements to make "minor" compromises are made without public knowledge. More important, many textbook authors, as eager to sell large quantities of books as the publishers, have their political ears sufficiently close to the ground to make their product inoffensive to would-be censors.

The only possible safeguards must be a combination of able school officials who not only demand high-quality books but who are ready to stand up for them whenever a full presentation of the facts invites controversy. Freedom is strengthened further in direct proportion to the abandoning of state-wide adoption procedures for books—a process that violates the very tenets of local control of education which the states' righters like to proclaim in their speechmaking against Federal aid to education. Publishers are much more likely to risk losing a censor-ridden town as a customer than to write off an entire state or group of states.

Two academic changes are now helping to block some of the worst threats of censorship. The first is the nation-wide demand, as college admission pressures increase, for improved high-school instruction. Today the expurgated history or economics book is as much of a handicap in the preparation for admission to a good college as an obsolete science text. The second hopeful trend is the changing technology of book publishing, with paperbacks increasingly used to augment the basic texts. Before long, many of the "safe" and dull books will, when placed in competition with exciting and inexpensive books by reputable scholars, look so inane as to embarrass their publishers, if not their authors.

It is safe to predict that attempts to keep such improved reading fare out of reach of "impressionable" students will be made in the future, as they were in the past. But to take these censors seriously enough to listen to their objections is to let education be influenced by lunacy and history be replaced by hallucinations.

A Moral Murder?

SAREL EIMERL

THE DEED, by Gerold Frank. *Simon and Schuster. $4.95.*

In war, the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" is overridden by the presumed superior requirements of national interest. The guideline is clear: the putting on of an appropriate uniform gives its wearer the right and obligation to massacre the

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enemy with almost as few qualms as those of a housewife after roaches. But when a subject people is fighting for independence, the lines become blurred. Depending on the point of view, the same man can be either a heroic freedom fighter, an idealistic but misguided fanatic, or a brutal terrorist.

Today, nearly twenty years later, it is still possible to debate which description best fits the members of the Stern Gang. They were self-acknowledged terrorists whose most notorious act was the assassination in Cairo, in November, 1944, of Lord Moyne, the senior British official in the Middle East. The two assassins were charged with murder by the Egyptian government, found guilty, and hanged. The court refused to consider their defense—that the assassination was a political act, like revolution, and was therefore justified by the supreme right of any people to fight for its independence. The verdict therefore left unanswered the question whether assassination is a legitimate instrument of policy, and it is this question that underlies Mr. Frank's vivid and dramatic account of "the deed" and of the Stern Gang.

As he makes clear, the situation in Palestine in 1944 was peculiarly complicated. To begin with, the British were not an occupying power in the ordinary sense. They had taken over the Palestine mandate in 1922, and saw themselves as provisional rulers whose task was to keep peace until the Arabs and Jews could reach agreement. In practice, however, the local officials tended to side with the Arabs, and in the spring of 1939, the partiality of the government itself also became obvious. Threatened by war with Germany, the Chamberlain government decided that conciliating the Arabs was more important than keeping a government's pledged word. It therefore issued a White Paper, setting out a new policy: Jewish immigration and the settlers' freedom to buy land were both to be radically curtailed. In effect, the White Paper abrogated the Balfour Declaration of 1917 and condemned the Jews to minority status.

The outbreak of war vastly complicated the situation for the Jews. The British were now fighting their principal enemy, and Churchill, who

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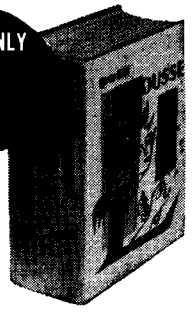

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had denounced the White Paper as "a second Munich," soon became Prime Minister. But despite the desperate need of European Jews for asylum in Palestine, the British continued to maintain the immigration quota. Hundreds were refused entry and were drowned when their ships sank. Moreover, although Rommel's advance finally drove the reluctant British to form a Palestinian (in effect a Jewish) army, they were still reluctant to antagonize the Arabs and refused to let it fight as an independent unit.

Swallowing their bitterness, the overwhelming majority of Jews remained convinced that their best policy was to co-operate with the British. They were eager to help in the fight against Hitler. They wanted to win favorable world opinion for the struggle they foresaw against the Arabs. They despised terrorism. They did not think they were strong enough to drive the British out by force. And many of them still trusted in the British sense of fair play to guarantee them just treatment when the war ended. Thus, motivated by a mixture of idealism and expediency, they strengthened the Haganah for use against the Arabs but steadfastly refused to make any attacks on the occupying British.

The terrorists interpreted the situation differently. They believed that the British would leave Palestine only if staying there was made too uncomfortable and expensive. They therefore adopted the classic policy of subject peoples confronted by a powerful, organized army: they took to guerrilla warfare. And because their numbers were so small, the Sternists chose assassination as their principal weapon.

Mr. Frank is clearly sympathetic. Most of his book is taken up with a detailed and admiring account of various members of the Stern Gang and especially of the two assassins who killed Lord Moyne: twenty-two-year-old Eliahu Bet Zouri and seventeen-year-old Eliahu Hakim. He stresses the heroism of the terrorists, hated by their fellow Jews and relentlessly hounded by the British. He makes much of the privations they suffered, their sense of purpose, their passionate dedication to the cause of Jewish independence.

But this account is so partial that it inevitably becomes suspect as history. His material may all be accurate, but it is also highly selective, especially in his references to the British. Sometimes subtly, sometimes bluntly, he emphasizes the deceitfulness of the British government, the cold-bloodedness of the administrators who turned away the refugee ships, and the brutality of the security police who murdered and tortured prisoners in the best Nazi style.

His hatred is understandable. Like other imperial powers, the British always tended to regard subject peoples as inferiors. Many of their colonial officers were pro-Arab and anti-Semitic; and their security police probably contained a good proportion of the sadists who always find that kind of work congenial. And in the end, coolly ignoring the Jews' patient co-operation in Palestine and their assistance in the war against Germany, the British did abandon Palestine when it suited them, believing that the Arabs would win the civil war that followed inevitably.

In some ways, therefore, the terrorists were right. As they anticipated, the British reserved their sense of fair play for themselves, and allowed their actions in Palestine to be determined exclusively by self-interest and not at all by justice. Also the British did behave like dictators in Palestine; and so to the terrorists, it might be argued, the uniformed British troops were as legitimate targets as the Germans were for Tito's guerrillas.

But the measure of any organization can be judged by the quality of its members. All Mr. Frank's persuasiveness cannot disguise the fact that the members of the Stern Gang, however idealistic, were irresponsible young toughs, nor that the principal effect of their terrorism was to keep locked up in Palestine thousands of soldiers who could otherwise have been used against Germany. Although it is marred by some journalistic tricks, Mr. Frank's story makes a superb drama. But if one remembers what he chose to leave out or play down, its final effect is to increase one's admiration for the other Jews, who kept their heads, contained their pride, and reserved their weapons for the real enemy.

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RECORD NOTES

Two Operas

ROLAND GELATT

How to decide which is one's favorite opera by Mozart, since each is unique, each a compendium of matchless glories? Surely the only prudent thing is to say that the best of them is the opera to which one is listening. But faced with an absolute necessity for making a choice, I would have to nominate *Cosi Fan Tutte* as the least expendable of these irreplaceable masterpieces. To be sure, it lacks something of the radiant warmth of *Figaro,* falls short of the dramatic ferocity of *Don Giovanni,* and misses some of the naïve sublimity in *The Magic Flute;* but viewed as a musical totality, as a summation of Mozart's operatic genius, *Cosi* stands unrivaled. The delicacy of its ensembles, the sunlit, Mediterranean serenity of its melodies (the trio "Soave sia il vento" could easily qualify as the most beautiful moment in all of Mozart), the enchanting range of timbres in its predominantly wind-band accompaniments—all this is beyond compare. To such strictly musical delights one must add the bittersweet attraction of its story: an artificial comedy of manners that keeps hovering on the borderline of poignant reality, always engaging our attention and sympathies but never entirely dropping the veil of ironic detachment. From every standpoint, *Cosi* is a miracle.

The opera has fared extremely well on records. A prewar Glyndebourne recording, though now outdated technically, captured a performance under the direction of Fritz Busch notable for style and sparkle. Later, around the time of the Mozart bicentenary in 1956, this was supplanted by two new versions, one conducted by Herbert von Karajan (Angel), the other by Karl Böhm (London). Many felt that the Karajan came about as close to perfection as any Mozart opera recording could get. But now the producer of that superb recording, Walter Legge, has

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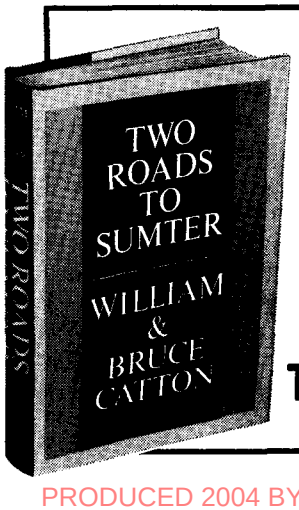

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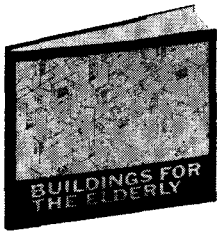

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achieved the seemingly impossible: a new *Cosi* (Angel 3631, four records; mono or stereo) which is at all times the equal of the old and in many respects its superior.

Two participants from the former recording remain: the Philharmonia Orchestra, as luminously virtuosic as always, and the soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Mrs. Legge), whose portrayal of Fiordiligi has become one of the great operatic re-creations of our time. Miss Schwarzkopf does not so much sing Mozart's phrases as sculpt them, with the sure instincts of a master craftsman, and her scrupulous attention to detail and to line is as apparent when she negotiates a subsidiary part in a sextet as when she holds the spotlight for her perilously difficult arias. The Don Alfonso of Walter Berry and the Despina of Hanny Steffek are both decided improvements over the former protagonists, and the other members of this new cast (Christa Ludwig as an engagingly impetuous Dorabella, Alfredo Kraus and Giuseppe Taddei as the two suitors) are at the very least up to the earlier standard. Böhm's reading, though differing in several respects from the Karajan, is always cogent and effective—as one would expect from a conductor who learned the score under Richard Strauss.

Dominating everything is the blend and balance of the recorded sound. Mr. Legge wisely resisted the temptation to overproduce this opera. Stereo stage effects are kept to a minimum. Instead, the two-channel medium is used chiefly to enhance musical values. Never has *Cosi* been heard with such clarity, such glow and intimacy, such masterful blending of instruments and voices.

PUCCINI'S *Madama Butterfly* has also been well served on records—so well, indeed, that any new version must offer some compelling attractions to warrant attention. RCA Victor's recent recording (LM/LSC 6160, three records; mono or stereo) qualifies by virtue of its superbly delineated sound. This is not to minimize the efforts of Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, Erich Leinsdorf, *et al.*, for they are all in high form; but whereas some other very distinguished performances of *Butterfly* exist on records, none of them can rival the new one in sonic impact.

Two recent developments have contributed to its technical splendors. One is RCA's newly erected studio in Rome—a hall designed specifically for stereo opera recording. The hall ambiance as heard here is live but not boomy, the definition crisp but not overly microscopic. In addition to the qualities of the studio itself, RCA has brought into play its new "Dynagroove" recording process—a catchall name that refers to various electronic procedures for smoothing out and clarifying the signals cut into the record grooves. Whether Dynagroove is an unmixed blessing remains to be seen. A few of the releases bearing the sobriquet seem a bit artificial in timbre and constricted in dynamics. But in *Butterfly* the Dynagroove techniques are working to optimum effect. The almost tangible sense of presence, the meticulously gradated separation across the breadth of the wide stereo "stage," the reduction of end-of-side distortion, the lowered surface noise, and the over-all roundness and solidity of tone all fall gratefully on the ear.

RCA's hand-picked orchestra is several notches above the usual opera-house norm, and it responds to Leinsdorf's firm yet idiomatic leadership with supple vivacity. For once Puccini's fragrant, faintly exotic scoring is given its full due. The Cio-Cio-San of Leontyne Price is not exactly the fragile, doll-like fifteen-year-old imagined by the librettist. We hear instead an assured prima donna singing a juicy Puccini role—but singing it so gloriously, with such clean attacks and lusciously placed tone, that one can hardly raise any strong objections. Still, the classic "little girl" interpretation of Toti dal Monte (now available in Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century" series) remains something to be treasured and savored. Similarly, Richard Tucker as Pinkerton doesn't quite erase memories of the Gigli or Bjoerling performances on record, but he comes agreeably close to their lofty standards and only occasionally descends to the tearful tenorizing that can mar his otherwise opulent and satisfying vocalism. The smaller roles are well handled—and everything is bathed in that glorious sound.

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